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GONGS

by J. J. Adams.

Entering December, we forget the fine season.
This grey rain has been falling from the first day,
Slish, slish, steadily upon our streets and roofs.
Pit, pit, pit, dismally slopping and dripping.
The lean brown houses stand like tired cab-horses
Patiently, hopelessly enduring the cold rain.

But I have seen the time—
The bright ships bounding beneath their bellying sails.
And all the mariners straining to sight shore.
"Land!", one cried at last. "Land ahead there!"
A thin blue line lying where sky met water.
Sick hearts took comfort; tired limbs braced themselves.
The steel beaks of ships leapt to the shouting
Wind sang in the shrouds; great horns suddenly blared.
Snow-white the foam laughed on the azure and cobalt ocean.
And Osric of the grey plume cried—"Halloo! Hail!
Strange land won across wide seething wastes
Shalt be Huanog—the Blue Country."

Dear Mrs. Gumtree rustles briskly forward.—
"Ah, Mr. Trotter! So nice of you to call.
Here are my Lucy and my Angela
Who have been dying to meet you this long while.
Dear girls! They're just their father over again.
His one great joy was meeting original people—
Artists or thinkers or doers of notable deeds.—
Nothing else would do for him. That's why he chose me—
Out of the press and scurry of hopeful females—
Or so he said. He was funny! Does this bore you?
He used to call me his little cracked Eliza.
Dear man! You never knew quite how to take him.
At different times he would be quite different.
Sweet wifely wife, it might be—and then—poor drudge,
poor fool!
All through his last sickness he laughed like anything,
And went so cheerfully when his Master called him.—
Now please you must tell us all about all your adventures
In those strange countries out away there.
South was it or North? I get such headaches sometimes
Thinking of things-Geography and all that!"

But who is Trotter? Who is he that all our nymphs
commend him?
Adroitly separating his coat tails,
He sits him down and pulls his trousers up,
While Angela with tea, Lucy with buns,
Regale on either hand the warrior.
He sips his tea, he nibbles at his bun.
He is debonair beneath the spreading Gumtree.
But what is that thither-whither light in his eyes?
This is that Trotter of the tribulations.
This is the man who is not as other men.
For he has been across those seas and seen the Blue Country

Lucy, he murmurs, and fails on a long sigh.
And vaguely hears from very far away
The voice of Mrs. Gumtree softly pealing

"Come, Angela, I want you in the dining-room."—
An echo blown across the dim fields—
I want you—I want you—where, oh where?—
Ah, but come! I want you in the dining-room—
Lucy! he wails in his despair, but what's the use?
That roaring in the head. The grey waters have him.

The resinous torches flared around the clearing
That night the jungle men swung their beards to the moon,
And howled their war-cry-Wallahoo! Wallahoo!—
Brandishing bronze spears, sweating and panting,
Circling in the choral dance of that people.
Through the trees the gongs, the great gongs were sounding,
Streaking the sable with scarlet and saffron,
Calling with their hoarse clangour to some buried thing,
Deep, deep down in a man, and from the depths it cried—
"I wake! I come!"—Prodigiously it came—
Trotter of the green flame there in the lost wild.
Tumultuous Trotter of the colossal nakedness.
His voice roared out high above the gongs,
Howling, howling, howling that moon down.

I should feel better if this rain would stop falling.—
Slipping down, slish, slish, gurgling in the gutters.
Umbrellas, oh umbrellas! I could run
A raving gymnopaede beneath your boskage.
I am cold, cold in the head, cold in the bones.—
I sometimes feel that Hapstead has no soul:
Yet think of other places: there's a difference.
I have grown sadder since first I heard those bells
Fling out their silvery call on the clear air.
Sweet chiming bells!—I remember my old musical box—
Home, home—tink, tink, tink-home-tink, tink-sweet home—
And sleigh bells jingling over the hills in snow time.
That sharp electric ting; the front door bell.
Now who can that be calling at this hour?
The vicar has been, the butcher's boy has been,
The grocer, the greengrocer and the postman.

We are closed and barred and all ready for bed.
Oh can it be the-what's his name?—the Master?
Run, Johnie, run and let the Master in!
Hola! Boom—boom—boom!
The gongs, the great gongs are sounding!
Oh deep and deep and very deep
The voice that calls and the voice that cries 'I wake!' in me.

And yet I swear that Lucy is all my joy.
Lucy, thou last and loveliest of the Gumtrees—
I will make a little nest in Golder's Green.
Angela is the cleverer but Lucy is the prettier,
And she has such gentle ways.
All this will pass.
I will buy a bowler and trip mincingly
Over the high hills of Hampstead to Lucy.
Trotter of the green flame, Trotter of the colossal nakedness,
Trotter the tempest tamer, Trotter of the tribulations,
Shall be neatly folded and carefully put away
In the brown trunk among the well-pressed trousers,
And discreetly conveyed one day to the curio dealer.
Owner having now no further use for same,
For he dwells like any city gentleman
In semblance of a little red-brick house.
All shall be orderly and regular,
Summer succeeding Spring, bud and flower and fruit,
Rain time and sunshine time, all in due season.
The sea has taken all my old companions
Who sailed with me to find the Blue Country.
A frenzy of my youth. But God is good.
And leads us home by ways we guessed not of.
I shall not hear those maddening gongs again
Clanging out of the wood, slashing the darkness.
Walking as is my wont about mid-day
Among the money-changers in the City,
I met a ragged cripple in Cheapside
Who had the eyes of Osric, but he knew nothing.
"Osric!", I cried, and started in terror from him.

But, seeing he took no heed, I turned again.
"Are you not Osric? Do you not know me?
I am Trotter-Trotter of the green flame.
Who sailed with you to find the Blue Country."
But he looked up with patient suffering eyes,
Whimpering—"A crust, a crust, for Jesu's sake!"
Osric he was perhaps in some past life,
But that's all over and done with long ago.
Now he is nothing, and my peace is sure.
I think I shall go home to tea to-night.
And afterwards—ah, there is always afterwards.—
But Osric is nothing. They are all nothing.
Perhaps they never were, nor the Blue Country.—
After tea perhaps I shall go a-walking,
Gambol with gentle Lucy in the glade,
And lead her home under the first prim stars.
The stars are fine to-night before the moon dims them.
Trust me, I know the time the moon should rise.
Look where she comes, serenely setting forth,
The gentle, dreaming, melancholy moon.—
And that, I think, is all the news to-night.

Shall we go home? It's cold enough, I think,
To light a little fire—or don't you think so?
It will be pleasant sitting beside the fire,
Sipping a little life from coffee cups,
And wondering if to-morrow will be fine.
The graves are giving up their dead to-morrow!
I hope it will be fine.
Let us go home.
Your father was a hearty merry man.
"Upsadiddy!", he cried, dandling you.
"Little home-bird!"—he was a witty man—
"You shall be a lady in a big house one day."
And, blowing his apoplectic nose, he would chuckle –
"I shall not live to see. And that's the humour of it."
He is gone. They are all gone. Gone! Gone!—
It is nothing. I'm taken this way sometimes.

At the turn of the moon, or smelling certain spices.
A whimsy in the head. I ought to be taken care of.—
Trotter of the green flame! Trotter of the colossal naked-
ness!—

Lucy! Where are you? Why have you gone away?
The gongs, the great gongs are sounding.
Oh deep and deep and very deep
The voice that calls and the voice that cries "I wake!"
in me!

SEVEN POEMS

by TRISTAN TZARA.

I

JE SORS DE MON APPARTEMENT SOMPTUEUX

l'hiver nous dévore
cigarette en poudre d'or
le bonjour de joconde
dit bonjour à tout le monde

la fatigue des animaux sonne
sur les sacs de sel et de papillons d'air et de douleur
mais la lumière carnivore
et le bonjour de joconde
il fait froid il fait froid
disent toujours bonjour à tout le monde

on se balance les yeux ouverts sur la corde
en équilibre
les yeux ouverts dansent sur la pointe des pieds
il fait froid froid dans la bouteille de la voix
fermée
il fait froid lourd sur la route
et le vent pousse la lumière sur la route
c'est un bonjour de joconde qui siffle tout le long de la route
comme les autres autos vélos aéros motos sur la route

l'hiver nous dévore
nous les bouts d'or des cigarettes en poudre d'or
les gens distingués

II

LE CONDAMNÉ

pour mieux cacher son humain naufrage
aux yeux laborieux des commerçants
d'âmes et de mensonge innombrables à ithaque
il détruit ses instruments de voyage

quand on lui parle des peaux cirées des athlètes
des troupeaux de moutons en signes sténographiques
que sa maîtresse dessine dans l'air avec ses cils
sa vie s'enchaîne aux anneaux sonnants des cris de fête

la nuit est amère
je sais pourquoi
c'est quand le loup
se frotte contre la pierre

voilà que la terre grince
et range les pistes comme des fouets
jamais ricanement d'abîme ne fût plus piétiné
par des bêtes lourdes éclatées au seuil de ta bouche

les bras des planètes et des tourments fleuris au bout
par les doigts calcinés des appels des saluts et des racines
font l'irruption attendue à travers les flammes
le long des crevasses que je ne puis mesurer qu'à ton rire

à l'haleine incalculable qui a fui le soleil de ton rire

III

HERBIER DES JEUX ET DES CALCULS

immobile dans son désir inquiet mon amie
lance le cercle de sa vue
abondante
sur les carrés des rendez-vous alternatifs
les fenêtres des lèvres ouvrent leur bruit

formule la nuit amère ornée de ta pensée
en grappes de balustrades de raisins
le silence confus rempli de ronces et d'arbustes
mais le coup éclate sec se casse
en faïence glacée à travers la sonnerie du rire

courtoise serrée délicate l'ambition
joue avec des instruments connus
glissons l'archet sur l'élévateur de sentiments
et sur la pente des sourcils désaccordés
la caresse du lit défait dans ton demi-raisonnement surpris
fait fleurir les pierres des merveilles échevelées

je passe mon temps à compter les rayons du soleil
et les cheveux de tes paroles
l'arbre du squelette couvert de feuilles et de printemps
tourne au fond de la mer avec les valses bleues
l'attrait de ton visage
envahit la fin de la partie d'échecs

IV

PRÉALABLE

cheveux défaits sentent le nuage de sang
de ton sang faible
lent à l'annonce de l'amour
lent
par les veines vers la vibration hospitalière
de ton sang
lent
fièvre faible hypothèse sans amour
dort sans paupières le poids à côté
sur l'échelle des côtes la toux
balbutie sa petite répétition arithmétique

V

PRÉCISE

sur mer
transposés tout d'un coup
un coup de revolver
fini
qui est ta sœur et qui pourrait l'être
sous la claire étoffe disent les dames il y a des larmes
atlantique de l'ennui
quelle patience dans les creusets modifiables
devant le musulman
bords brûlants de la parole
o surgis de la forêt et chevauche
absalon
la mort papale spéciale et délicate

VI

SOLEIL NUIT

roi de glace son nom descend
et apparaît en mer dans le requin son corps
gardien maritime
naître
voracité ouverte aux sons des lances et de la porte verte

sois ma sœur en large marche de planète
trop longtemps j'ai vu squelette les
manequins aux parapluies dans la mine blanche
chaude

et je dessine le pays et tes bijoux sont des yeux vivants
la vache accoucha d'un grand œil vivant de douleur ou de fer
au bord de la mer monte en spirale la sphère la tempête

la vierge écrasa sa chair et mourut dans le désert
le feu à l'intérieur de grosses pierres volcaniques
son image et les fruits
la pluie sera fleur de la famine de la sécheresse
manteau imperméable de nos cœurs facilite-nous la fuite
et l'embarcation du seigneur couvert de plantes

VII

APPROXIMATION

tu viens tu manges tu nages tu rêves tu lis
tu cours parfois après le clair l'illimité pourquoi de tes
actions
tu te demandes parfois d'où tu viens si seul
correctement vêtu et illisible selon l'allure de la chanson
avec l'heure incommode et lourde dans ton sommeil

tu te demandes parfois ce que sera demain
trempé dans la liqueur salée des airs serrés entre les terres
jamais tu ne te demandes ce que
tu es
à cet instant qui ne saurait attendre ta réponse et fuit

ne sois la dupe des attractions sonores qui jouent au doute
[et au nuage dans ton écho
sur d'autres marges incalculables tu descendras les marches
[du temps à perdre
les gradations des ombres usurières sur la plage brossée
[à neuf
et dans les poches alternatives des à-peu-près creusés au
[seuil des vagues rudes bien nourries

la cornemuse blesse déjà le digne simulacre
de nos raisons chargés de l'étendue sans spasmes des
[prairies
et leur livide gravité aux grappes de raisins
s'attarde médiocrement le long du crépuscule et de la peau

FOLK-SONGS FROM THE SPANISH

by Havelock Ellis.

For nothing I ask you,
But a kiss, an embrace,
From your stocking a garter,
From your shoe a lace.

***

Oh, I am the King of Hunger,
And I am the Count of Woe,
And, add to these, bird-catcher,
And dealer in old clo'.

***

The widow woman is weeping,
She misses him so sore,
And the married woman is sighing:
"I can bear this man no more".

***

If marriage a day and night lasted,
Or even a week or so,
Why then I too could marry—
But for ever? No, no, no!

***

I always pull up my stockings
Before I pass your door,
Lest I hear your mother saying:
"It's her garters you love her for!"

***

Whenever you come to see me
Wait till night covers the ground,
For then my mother will fancy
You're the donkey roaming round.

TWO POEMS

by Evan Shipman.

I.

DOORWAYS.

A pale moon,
Chained by strands of mist,
rose wearily
across a field of chimneys;
doorways slept
with unclosed lids;
two cats crept
along an eternal sidewalk
upon an eternal errand.....

Gaunt shadows,
quiet as a broken clock,
the passage of the hours
gravely mock.....

A door is opened
furtively;
closes,
and stealthy echoes
tip-toe back to sleep.....
Ungraciously accepting
the ribald caress
of space,
he feels once more

the night's moist fingers
pass and repass,
reiterating
a sterile theme
upon chance key-boards
of nostalgic sensation.....
Half-heartedly,
he wonders that no sky-line crumbles,
or that the smoke
of yesterday's cigar
had not enticed
the dreams of yesterday too far.....

The flickering flame
lay dying in the grate,
nor did he look upon
the morning star.

II.

1.

There was a house once,
dropt between a factory and a lumber yard,
on a perhaps street,
crossing, with a systematic carelessness,
the dock side of town.
And that street knew
frequent footfall in the gray of morning,
and frequent footfall in the gray of evening,
and the taste of all day smoke,
and the smell of all night rain;
and low conversations on corners;
and the sound of a Polish dance,
two flights up, four blocks away.....

2.

That street was a haphazard drawing
scrawled by a tramp on a brick wall,
a thousand miles from home,
and still going.....
For they all hit the freights
on the north side of town
bound for some place.

3·

And that street was as the womb
of a peasant woman :
tired of giving,
giving,
tired of giving,
always giving.....
On to the baptismal font,
the gray procession,
encountering, merging
the alway assured taunt
of listless, hovering gray above,
and patiently calculating gray below,
goes ;
there, mirrored in the heavens,
the laugh
blazoned eternally
above the cenotaph
of years, of men.....

4·

Listen :
I tell you somehow was always
edging into that street
from somewhere.....

5·

And in a house
lived a man who obeyed a whistle,
and a woman who obeyed a man,
and children
who played wild games on the street
at dusk
between the shadows,
square shadows,
sullen before the curve
of dusty winds.....

6.

Don't kiss five years good-bye
with a laugh, any of you ;
Only old men boast of time
as a mistress,
only the gray ones.
And tell me, friend :
"Somewhere behind the precisions of today,
in the half-forgotten somewhere,
are there not momentary visions
to allay
the myriad clang of bar on bar,
and the myriad glare
of light on light
after the going of the day?"
. . . . . .
But no ; the eyes are dead,
only a laugh, only a snicker,
from behind gray, onto gray.....
Behind : the undertakers,
dressed in pink
between the shadows
of the lamp-posts slink.....
Before : the shriek of factory whistles
down an autumn sky.

7.

For they all hit the freights
on the north side of town,
bound for some place.....
Some years ago,
a Polish woman grew geraniums
in a bed around the house...
where is she...
where her husband, where her children...
the wind has forgotten to mutter where.

Perhaps moon light and early sun light
on the bay
can tell you.
I heard a half-wit on a wharf
muttering of women
in half a hundred cities...
He ought to know,
he ought to know—
he knows the lonely cry of freights,
skirting the aloofness of hills,
but then, he has forgotten much...
and the geraniums are dead,
oh yes, the geraniums are dead,
and a year-dishevelled bicycle
sprawls, scattered foolishly,
across the empty bed.

8.

The Polish woman and her husband
and children are gone...
gone somewhere,
somewhere away...
Marco Polo in a side-car,
Abraham in a wheelbarrow...
Stop next year;
drop from your freight
on your way back,
if your ever come back;
look in on the perhaps street ambling drunkenly
in search of water...
you may find geraniums
growing before the door.

MORNING OF MRS. GORDON SMYTHE

by Donald Stewart.

At a quarter past six she awoke and turned over in bed slowly and painfully, wondering what had awakened her. Outside in the passage the shrill whistling began again, accompanied by much subdued laughter, flicking of towels and the clip clop of sandals only half slipped on. Damn those men! Damn them! Damn them! Every morning it was the same, the three of them tearing and roaring down to bathe before it was hardly light, waking and upsetting everyone in the hotel. She would have to mention it to the Manager. It was too much of a good thing. It was getting on her nerves, stopping her sleeping at night, making her restless and off her food. Miss Harmsworth in the same passage said the same, and so did the two Miss Manchesters and Mrs. de Frey. It was getting too much of a good thing—really too much.

She raised herself on one elbow and peered at the illuminated figures on the gold wrist watch, slung like an aldermanic chain about the fat neck of the water bottle. Half past six! Why, she might have slept for two more hours if they hadn't gone and woken her up like that. It was so selfish, so typical of all the young folks in the hotel—the way they dashed about the lounge and up and down the stairs, shrieking for one another, banging and roaring on the piano, dropping things with a clatter that brought your heart nearly into your mouth, spoiling your bridge four for tennis or golf or some such thing, smiling at you—Oh, how Mrs. Gordon Smythe hated those smiles! They were meant to be kind—she knew that they were meant

to be kind—but they made her feel so old and common and futile.

She dropped her head back on the pillows and began to cry, slowly and feebly. She was getting so old and alone—so lonely. Nobody cared for her; nobody wanted her. She was just an old woman with a bit of money and a dog trailing round from one place to another. Nobody cared what became of her. She might as well be dead for all the attention she got. Mrs. Gordon Smythe dived and dived into an ecstatic sea of self pity and emerging refreshed mopped the tears from her eyes with a corner of the sheet. She was forgetting Fred's motto—Follow your nose and keep smiling—a little bit too jocular she sometimes thought, but then Fred had always been such a one for jokes.

How were they all getting on in Streatham now, she wondered—Walter and Vernon, her two tall nephews, doing so well in the motor trade, and Mrs. Haskett and the Archie Smiths and the Kennedys in that big house standing back from the London Road. It all seemed so far away and she heard from them so rarely. Perhaps a letter every four or five weeks if she were lucky, although she would have a penny or two to dispose of when she died. Fred hadn't done so badly in the contracting line—well enough in fact to give Streatham the best funeral it had seen for years.

She could see it all as clearly as anything even after all these five years—the long cortège winding up Streatham Hill along the shining tramlines, ten cabs and the Freemasons at the back, on a beautiful Spring afternoon with the sunlight coming and going along the pavements, and the heaped up flowers, and the service, and the clergyman's white surplice flapping in the wind like a sheet, and the long obituary notice which Mr. Bob Haskett had seen through the Press himself.

Mrs. Gordon Smythe rolled over and smiled up at the ceiling. She must go back to Streatham sometime, just for a short visit. It would stir them up a bit, all her new clothes and the places she'd been to. Perhaps next Spring

if she went to Torquay she might find time to pop up to the Hasketts for a week. It would be nice to see them all again and show them she wasn't dead yet.

Outside, the sun rose slowly out of a placid sea, and the light grew stronger through the mauve and pink curtain. The faint suck and wash of the tide on the pebbles across the promenade sounded in the room. Further along the beach where the sand commenced, a man's voice called "Cherie!—Cherie!" and then a woman shrilly "Billee—Billee-e-e!" Silly affected little doll, Mrs. Gordon Smythe thought. Oh, dear! She would never be able to sleep now—not a wink. She snuggled down under the sheets and snuffled into the pillows like a big white pig—not a wink would she get now—not a—

When she awoke again the hotel was throbbing and humming with life like a gigantic beehive. Doors were banging; feet were running, walking, gliding, tripping, dragging up and down the long corridors above her head, beneath her, on all sides; voices shouting, whispering, laughing; and water—water running everywhere through the straight little pipes on the walls and floors and ceilings like blood through the veins of an awakening person—running and surging and laughing into handbasins and baths and sinks and tooth glasses. Outside, a motor crunched its way down the gravel drive and out, with a deep note of the horn, on to the hard shining promenade. On the veranda below, three people began a low monotonous conversation stabbed with shrill little laughs—Mrs. Gordon Smythe drew herself slowly up in bed, set her boudoir cap at a rakish angle and rang for breakfast.

Bacon and egg—toast—marmalade—coffee—ugh! She pecked at some toast and pushed the tray away to the bottom of the bed with her feet. There was a letter from Streatham, the first she had had since she left Taormina, in Walter's thin sloping hand. They had been tripping the light fantastic at the opening of the season at the Masonic Hall. Vernon seemed a bit keen on a Miss Telfer from

Croydon ; rather a pity, Walter thought, as she looked a little bit fast and common, not his class at all. Mr. Archie Smith had strained his knee in the first hockey match of the season and Mrs. Smith was going to have another baby. Oh dear! Mrs. Gordon Smythe quite coloured up. She'd forgotten that Walter was almost a man now. The Kennedys had moved to Eltham and a new bus route had been started to Mitcham, just past the door. My! What a short letter. She crumpled it up peevishly and lit an Egyptian cigarette. Ah, that was better! She could smoke like any of them now, except that little bits of tobacco kept getting under her tongue. Mrs. Gordon Smythe removed a strand with her little finger and pulled the Continental *Daily Mail* towards her.

France and the Ruhr—Oh, those nasty Germans! It was lucky that neither Vernon nor Walter had had to go to the War, Vernon being under age and Walter an expert in a munition factory. Shocking Fatality at East Croydon—Oh, quite a turn for the moment! The photograph was so like a Mrs. Skinner whom she'd been friendly with long ago. Unemployment Statistics. Mrs. Bedford Hard-nut has left the Hotel de Crillon for Boston—Oh, indeed! Gatwick results. Prime Minister on the policy of the Government—Suddenly she threw away the paper. She'd gone and forgotten her medicine! And she would never be able to manage her lunch. She'd feel queer all day. The doctor had said it was most important that she should take it regularly.

Clicking her teeth with irritation she crawled out of bed and paddled across the floor with the eiderdown about her to the flat wicker basket which stood on the right of the gas fire. Ah, the little thing! Mother's pet and precious—was he lonely then?—and hungry? She opened a corner of the eiderdown and pressed the little dog tightly against her breast. She could feel the warm silky body and the little panting heart through the thin silk of her nightgown—She could feel it! Ah, she could feel it! And was he neglected then? was he then? Then he

shall have some warm milk and just the smallest scrap of bacon and bread and butter. She stood back from the basket and watched him ecstatically eating and snuffling and blinking his beady little eyes very fast. The little thing!

She brushed back her untidy hair from her face and still trailing the eiderdown about her went to the curtains and peeped out sideways. Oh, how strong the sun was, glaring and dazzling up from the promenade and the sea. Why, she was almost blind! Mrs. Gordon Smythe drew back hastily into the room, now black with big dancing spots of blue and green. Where were her glasses? Perhaps she had hurt her eyes. She had a splitting headache.

With her horn rimmed glasses set insecurely on her nose, and her hair hanging in tails and snippets about her ears and eyes she began to dress. Slowly and vaguely she shed garments and picked them up from the bed, the floor, the chairs, the dressing table. Painfully she clipped her heavy boned corset about her fat waist and dabbed the rouge on her cheeks and the carmine on her long drooping lips. She half pulled on one stocking, then began to do her hair, finally returning to her stockings again. At last, in the new tea gown of brown georgette and fur that she had bought at Biarritz, pink stockings and brocade shoes, a ring too many on each hand, horn rimmed glasses, and the pekinese under her arm, she descended the stairs.

How she hated those foreign servants with their "*Bonjour, Madame*" and that smirk on their faces, and their dropping eyes! Hussies and rogues, the whole lot of them She could see them talking about her and sniggering at her behind her back. She nodded stiffly, sniffed at their brushes and cans and sailed down the wide stairs into the lounge.

But it was deserted—absolutely deserted! She had counted on having at least one person to talk to—perhaps enough for a little rubber of bridge. She didn't play very well yet, but nobody minded playing with her and it passed the time so nicely. But there was nobody about

this morning. Mrs. Gordon Smythe crossed the wide floor angrily and stared out at the veranda and garden—nobody at all. They were all out on the beach in the sun, or playing tennis, or sitting in the little cafes along the front. They had no time to waste on an old woman who couldn't join in their amusements—or didn't want to particularly, thank you! The hotel was quite nice enough for her if she had someone to chat with and people to watch. But there was nobody this morning—nobody!

Mrs. Gordon Smythe watched a child playing by itself across the lawn. Dear little thing! She pressed the pekinese against her side and tapping on the pane, called to her. But the child went on playing, unheeding, and Mrs. Gordon Smythe turned away.

She would have a nice quiet little rest before lunch, that was what she would do. She would be independent of them all. Mrs. Gordon Smythe dragged a basket chair right out into the middle of the lounge and sat down. It would do her a world of good—just forty winks, before they all started coming in for lunch. She hadn't been sleeping at all well lately. Just forty winks. And so, with her head on one side and her mouth open and her transformation pushed back a little from her forehead, Mrs. Gordon Smythe dozed and dozed until lunch time.

GERTRUDE DONOVAN

by Nathan Asch

A sound of cutting reached her ears. She halted and listened. So they were ripping the ticker out, as Charlie said they would. Then it was all over. She didnt believe it yet. Failed. Bankrupt. She didnt understand it. What did it mean? Then she remembered what Charlie had further said: a new job. And she saw a picture of herself going downtown to the employment office early in the morning; filling out a blank; being told that she would be notified if an opening could be found. Then waiting; every morning waiting for the postman, and finding that there was nothing for her. Then the call at the office. The manager would first look at her legs, then at her neck. He would measure her with his eyes. The old look. She tried to picture the new boss. Fat? Thin? Good looking? Will he try to get fresh? Shed put him in his place.

She became angry. They had no business hiring her, if they were going to fail. She wasnt working for love. Its no fun to be looking for a new job everyday. Just as you get started, and the clerks stop looking at you as if you were lying naked on the bed waiting for them, youve got to give it all up and start all over again.

Her hands began automatically to hit the keys. And the Hudson Seal: shed have to forget that, for this year. Mother would never let her off on the board. Shed start crying about the high prices, and the raise in rent, and a million and one other things. Then shed look at her as if she were murdering her. No coat and no permanent wave next month.

Her hand momentarily stopped typing, and touched her hair ; then opening a drawer in her desk, she took out a patent leather bag, from which she extracted a small mirror and examined her hair. It was getting loose. They charged you twenty dollars, and it didnt last more than a month.

She took out a powder puff, and powdered herself, twisting her lower lip over the upper and blowing at her nose.

A pink light shone out of the call box, and taking a pad and a pencil, she walked out of her cubicle.

With Mr. Glymmer in the room were Mr. Reed and Harry Widener. They did not notice her entrance but kept on talking with gravity. She sat down in the soft chair that she always took, crossed her legs, and did not adjust her skirt as she always did when the junior partner was not there, and waited. Her hand went once again to her hair, lifting it near the temples.

He was nice. Much nicer than Jim Denby. He always looked at you nice, and his dark eyes looked into yours something personal. He was a man. And he didnt look as if he played servant girl to any woman, like Jim did. It was nice ; it was equal, it was.

She caught a few words. Protective Committee and Supreme Court. Read was as usual very cool, he st on the edge of the desk, and his fingers played with a cigarette holder. Glymmer seemed more nervous. She didn't like him. Too anxious to please always. Not to her or to the other clerks, but to the customers, or to his partners. She didnt like his smile. She never had liked it. She wouldnt trust any man with a smile like that.

She looked again at Harry Widener. He seemed amused at the whole affair. He hardly said a word, just looked at them the corners of his mouth curled up. Then he looked at her, and she stiffened up. But his gaze immediately dissolved.

Then Mr. Glymmer began to dictate. She copied his words, with concentration as always, forgetting everything

else, even ignoring the meaning of what she wrote. When he had finished, she rose and prepared to leave. But she stopped and asked.

—Mr. Glymmer, will the office be open tomorrow?

—Mr. Zuckor, when he returns, will have an announcement to make.

She became angry again, considered whether she should bang the door, became frightened, and then resolved that since she was loosing her position she might as well bang it. So she did, and walked into the general office.

—Well, cutie, said Charlie when he saw her, its up.

—Do we work tomorrow? she asked.

—Not a chance. Better take a typewriter home with you. Itll be your pay. The other clerks laughed.

—If I dont get my pay, she said, Ill have Mr. Glymmer arrested.

—Harry Widener too? asked Charlie.

She stiffened up and said.

—Mind your business. And walked back to her desk.

She began to copy the letter Mr. Glymmer had dictated to her. In typing it was different than in short hand taking: she could think as much as she wanted to; the eyes communicated to the fingers unconsciously.

Harry Widener arrested. Harry Widener arrested. Arrested. Arrested.

I know one thing, she said nearly loud. If Harry Widener asked me, I wouldnt care if he were married a million times; Id go with him. She became frightened, and looked around to see if anybody were listening. Then she said in a high voice.

—I would.

The telephone bell rang. Still repeating, I would, she answered it. A familiar heavy voice came from the other end.

—That you, Gertie?

Jim. Oh, bother. What did he want?

—Just heard the news, he said, what are you going to do?

She kept silent. In her mind she was comparing Harry

Widener with Jim Denby. Hes got better eyes and a better figure ; and hes nicer. Yes, hes lots nicer.

— Gertie, she heard.

— What ?

—Im coming around tonight. Ive got something to tell you.

She wished he wouldnt. She didnt want him around that night. And his hair was nicer. Straight and nice, not all curled up. And shed bet he didnt look so foolish when he kissed somebody.

—Im tired Jim, she said.

And she thought. Id bet if he were asking me to see him tonight, he wouldnt ask like that : hed say something.

—Its all right, Gert. I wont stay long.

She hung up. What did he want from her ? He would come around tonight, pestering. Would she marry him ? He had two thousand saved up. Live in the Bronx. Two rooms and a kitchen. Toilet on the floor. Bath in the wash bowl. Not she.

Then Miss James, the telephone girl, came in. They began talking. Miss James told Gertie where she might look for a job.

—He told me yesterday, she said. Theatrical office. Twenty two a week, and you dont get killed like here on the Street.

Theatrical office. Maybe shed get a chance to go on the stage. Shed been quite good at it in school. And then Jim had taken her a few times to the theatre. It was easy. All you needed was pull.

And then, maybe Harry Widener. If shed be an actress, it would be all right. Actresses can do those things. Why, you read about them in the papers.

—I dont know, she said to Miss James. A girl is taking an awful chance going to one of those theatrical offices. Why the manager would want you to do all kinds of things for the job.

—Whats the difference, said Miss James. Twenty two a week. Me for money. If I could take shorthand...

The afternoon slowly wore on. At four Zuckor came into her office and dictated to her an announcement, that owing to the liquidation of the firm's assets the office would be closed. Gertrude copied what he said without hearing it. The office had stopped interesting her. She was leaving, and it already represented a forgotten past. And she would have completely ignored this fact of bankruptcy if not that it represented a parting from Harry Widener. In the few months that she had been with Glymmer Reed the junior partner had become a part of her. True she knew that, while in the office, there was a gulf that divided them, a gulf that was insurmountable: the difference between employer and employee. Each one had his or her rights, which were not to be disregarded. And although at times she almost wished that the junior partner would tear that difference away, something within herself said, that if he did, he would not be Harry Widener, and she would cease being Gerty Donovan. She knew that although physically they would come nearer, there would be a complete divorce of their spirits. And she knew that now their spirits were near, that he noticed her, that when she passed he looked at her with eyes puzzled, and that whenever their eyes met, for however a fleeting moment, a union had been accomplished. And she had been satisfied, even gratified by this fleeting communion.

He had been her criterion. She had used him as a standard by which she measured all her acquaintances. She had never been dissatisfied with Jim Denby. She had known him for a long time, for so long that the beginning of their acquaintance was completely forgotten. She had taken for granted that some day she would marry him, she had been encouraged in this thought by her mother, by all who knew her. She had to get her man.

But when she had seen Harry Widener, she became doubtful. Intuitively she knew that he was a higher type of man than her accepted future husband. And although she could not define his finesse, nor possibly even locate

it, she knew it existed. And she noticed that in all comparisons Jim failed and Widener triumphed.

And possibly she would have been satisfied with Jim if she could continue to see the other. Even to be near him. She somehow felt cleaner, more refined, in a higher world with the junior partner. She saw him rarely. He did not come into the office often but stayed at his club from where he sent in any new business he had secured. But sometimes he did come, and she knew he would, and it was enough. He was a rare drug, that she needed but seldom, but without which she felt she could not live.

And now it was over. Harry Widener was no more. She was to go home and stay with Jim Denby. She was made for such as he. For men with warm moist palms, and warm moist faces, and warm moist looks. For men who do not take but beg. For sixty dollars a week, and a bookkeeper's household, and a bookkeeper's children, and a bookkeeper's life. Oh! Hell.

Absentmindedly she cleaned her typewriter, and was ready to place the cover, and then she remembered that it didnt matter, and left it where it always lay during the day, under her desk. Then she turned to the wall where her cloak and hat were hung. No, she should go into the general office and say goodbye. She didnt want to. But she might yet see Harry Widener. So she went in.

She was surprised to see the office as it had always been. It was not at all changed. You might come in tomorrow and begin to work again. Possibly it was all a lie. Or a joke. There was no failure. It would go on as before. And she would continue to see Harry Widener. Harry Widener. Harry Widener. Harry Widener, something shouted into her ear.

She saw him halfway across the general office. He was sitting on a desk, reading an evening paper, and smoking. The blue smoke twined itself about his manicured finger nails.

Run over to him now, and.... and what? Why, kiss him, of course, and tell him you want him, that he can do

anything he wants to with you. He can walk over you, and spit on you. But quick, or itll be too late. Hurry. Hurry. Hes looking up. Hes looking.

—I guess its all over, Miss Donovan, he said with a smile.

— Yes, Mr. Widener, she answered.

—Too bad, he said, and returned to his paper.

Her knees weak, she passed him. It was too late. It was too late. Too late. What shall she do?

There was a little group near Mr. Zuckor's desk. He was paying off. He seemed very pale and very tired. He called her.

—Miss Donovan, heres your pay.

She came over. Took it. Signed the receipt. Too late.

She rode home with her mind a blank. She did not even read the paper which she had automatically bought with her ticket. Somebody gave her his seat, and she did not thank him, but absentmindedly sat down, drew on her gloves, and sat. People jostled over her, pressed her knees, stepped on her pumps, but she ignored this. There was nothing she could do. Everything was over. And she was not given to brooding.

Then she came out of the train, walked to the street, and turned the corner grocery toward her home. This was her neighborhood, where she had been born, brought up. Here was the motion picture house, "The Lakewood", where when a little girl, she used to wait outside, for someone to take her in, children not being admitted without companions. Later when she had entered high school, she used to come here every night, and in a corner, far away from even the dull light, she would sit with a neighborhood boy and mush : kiss, and soul kiss, and hold, and he would try to touch her not yet full grown breasts, and she would refuse and then unwillingly consent. There had been many couples in the corner, and they would all sit there, ignoring the picture ; just sit in the dark and press one against the other.

And here was the ice cream parlor, "Gunn's", with

its inviting display of sweets, and the little room in the back, with tables. After the movies she used to come here with her friends, and they would gorge themselves with the ice cream, ordering the most fancy concoctions, until their mouths would become like acid, from too many sweets.

Then she passed the "dark corner" of Harrigans's, the hardware man's. Here was the least light in the neighborhood. And into here, after the movies and the ice cream, her companion would pull her, and here they would stand in the shadow of the two glass cases, holding one another in their arms, and they would seek something which they did not understand, and did not know where to find it, until she frightened at the lateness of the hour, would tear herself away and run home.

And finally just before her home, she passed the Borough News printing works, above which was housed the Lakewood Business College, which she had entered after her two years in high school. Here was where she had learned stenography, and typing, and the little bookkeeping she knew. Nearly all her friends had entered this school which was their stepping stone into the business world.

Mother was in the kitchen, and as she took off her coat Gerty wondered when would be the best time to break the news to her. Before dinner or after dinner? It would be better to get it over with before, but then again, dinner would be spoiled; there might even be no dinner at all. Gerty had no appetite, but she reflected that anything, even eating, was better than listening to her mother's lamenting. So she decided to wait.

She walked into the dining room, took the dolly off the table, went to the sideboard, and took out the napkin. Automatically she began to set the table.

Mother appeared, fat, satisfied, white approned.

—That you, Gertie? Jim was here a while ago. Said hes coming after dinner.

Gerty said nothing. She placed on the table the salt cellar, the knives and forks, the only really good things

they had in the house. Came from the family. Solid silver.

—Would you believe it, continued her mother, butters sixty cents a pound. And eggs a dollar a dozen. I gave Strinelli a piece of my mind. Mrs. Brown told me hes got no end of eggs in his cellar, and hes keeping them for higher prices. I said to him : It would be a good thing if they threw you foreigners out. Trying to live on us poor people. A dollar a dozen for eggs. The idea.

Gerty kept on setting. Even after she had finished placing on the table everything that apparently was necessary, she continued. She adjusted the position of the cutlery. Brought water, something very rare. Dusted off the top of the sideboard. Anything better than talking. An idea was being born in her mind, and her mother was preventing her from developing it.

Harry Widener would be with another firm, of that she was sure. Why not try to get a job there? She would ask him to recommend her. He couldnt refuse her. She had been a good stenographer. Never late. No nonsense in the office. No peek-a-boo waists or transparent skirts. She didnt chew gum or anything. Why shouldnt she be able to get a job there? And then she would be with him.

Her mother fixed her nearsighted eyes on Gerty, followed her movements, and went on talking.

—Mrs. Denby's awfully low. They expect her to go any day. The doctor said it was cancer of the stomach. Incurable, he said. Lying in St. Marks. Private room. A day nurse. A night nurse. It must be awful for Jim to pay all that. Hes nice to come down to see us, and his mother almost dead.

Gerty understood her mother's weak tactics. At other times it amused her to hear the older woman talking, praising Jim. But now it only served to irritate her. It was none of mother's business whom she was going to marry. She was free. Earning her own living. She could do as she pleased. She could even go to live by

herself if she wanted to. Shed save money anyway. And time. With the subway, she was wasting two hours every day travelling. And if she went out in the evening it was two more hours lost. If this kept up, shed do it. She wasnt going to listen to anybody's talking. She was a free and equal human being, she was.

—Im hungry, she announced.

Dinner proceeded more or less quietly. The few attempts of the mother at conversation were promptly squelched by her daugher's silence. Only toward the end did Mrs. Donovan begin her attacks again.

—Jim told me while he was here, hes getting a raise at the end of the month. Three hundred a month, and assistant teller. He might even get to be assistant cashier someday. One hundred dollars a week and a private room. Hes a good boy, Jim is.

If youre going to keep on like this, said Gerty silently to her mother, I wont tell you about the failure.

—And hes got a flat at One Hundred and Fortieth Street. Two rooms and a kitchen. The landlord will paper the walls any way youll want him to. Yes, and a bath tub, too. In the kitchen.

A few moments before, Harry Widener had been far away, almost imperceptible. Now he came quite near, and looked at Gerty with his nice black eyes, and said: Youre going to be an actress on One Hundred and Fortieth Street with two rooms and a kitchen. Bath tub in the kitchen. And youre going to take dictation on the walls hell decorate for you because you dont hew gum.

She was going crazy. If she wasnt her mother was making her. And she looked at her mother and with her eyes said: I want Harry Widener, and I dont care who knows it. You or Jim Denby or anybody else. I dont give a good god damn who knows it. Like that.

And aloud she said.

—I am going to my room.

—Better get ready for Jim, her mother said. Put on the mauve waist.

As she shut the door of her room Gerty reflected that she had not told her mother of the loss of her position. She didnt care. Let her mother worry later. With those dirty tricks. Trying to talk her into marrying Jim. She wouldnt have him if he were the last man on earth. Not if he had all of the world's gold. And all the diamonds. Not with a face like that. Hed have to have it made over again.

She sat down on her bed, adjusted her hair, and said

—If hell begin pestering me, Ill send him to hell, I will.

Charity. Trying to give her something. Protecting her from the terrible woild. She didnt want protecting. She wanted to be left alone. People shouldnt interfere into what she did. It was all their fault anyway. If they wouldnt have interfered, she.....

—Shut up, she said to herself, and began unbuttoning her waist.

Mauve waist, she said. Ill give him mauve waist. If hed be a man, he wouldnt come around me. Hed stop bothering me. Cant he see I dont want him and his protecting.

She walked toward the closet, opened the door, and took off the hook the mauve waist. Absentmindedly she placed her arms through the sleeves and buttoned it. Then she sat on the chair before the mirror and began to powder herself.

She remembered that once, about two months before, a woman friend of Harry Widener had come into the office toward the end of an afternoon, and had waited for him. A woman of his kind. With hair that received the attention of a frisier, face that was massaged, and hands that were manicured everyday. She had worn a dark tailormade suit and a mauve waist with a lace collar cut so low that the upper parts of her white breasts could be seen in the opening. She was stunning, Gerty had admitted that to herself. This was class. And when Harry Widener had come in, she had held out her hand to him, a black kid gloved hand, in a manner that Gerty knew she could never

have imitated. The hand had gone right out, accompanied by a smile, in which the teeth were shown, even teeth, and dazzlingly white. And one Saturday afternoon, walking up Fifth Avenue, Gerty had seen a waist like that: mauve, with a white lace collar, cut very low. She had bought it, although the price had been exorbitant and a large part of her salary had been spent in the purchase. She never dared to wear it in the office, it was cut so low, and she had been afraid that Widener would notice the resemblance. And even in the house she wore it only on rare moments. When she wanted to feel equal to him, to do something that she should want him to see her do, she dressed in the mauve waist.

Noticing that the ribbon of her chemise showed in the cut, she untied it and tucked it into her bosom. Her neck now looked similar to the neck of the woman in the office. A white triangle deep into her bosom, with the curve of a breast showing on each side. Her breasts were just as round as the other's, and just as white. It would be better to show a little more. She tucked aside the collar, and the curve became more pronounced. She sat at the mirror examining her face, fixing her hair. If he were to see her now, he would not be able to resist her. He would look at her with his black eyes, his brows would contract a little, and his nostrils puff out. And his arms would stretch out toward her, would envelop her, and she would lie in them quiet, unafraid.

She closed her eyes, and through the shimmering darkness of her lids she saw Harry Widener. He was looking at her. And she was looking at him. He was saying to her. You are with me now, and you are quiet. And she answered to him. Yes, I am quiet. And they sat there in the darkness, she feeling his odour, and lulled to sleep by it.

She felt a draught of wind, heard the noise of a door opening, and saw Harry Widener tumble into the light. She opened her eyes. Her mother was standing in the doorway.

Mrs. Donovan was talking, but Gerty did not hear what she said. She could not orientate herself. She did not recognise her surroundings, nor the fat woman before her. This was strange to her. She had no place in the room where she was. She belonged somewhere else. In dazzling, flickering sunlight with Harry Widener. And peace.

—Youre a nice one, her mother was saying. Its got to be a stranger that gives me the news about my own child. Why didnt you tell me you were out of a job?

Gerty did not answer. She heard somebody talking, felt she was being reproved, but it did not move her. She had been with him a moment before, and she still felt his presence.

Then she heard her mother say.

—Jims in the front room. Better go out to him. And youd better be nice to him. You wont find a better man.

Her mother was talking, but Gerty did not understand her words. But she felt that she was commanded to go, so she stood up and walked toward the front room. Her mother not understanding, placed herself out of her way, and let her pass.

She came into the front room, and looked at the figure sitting on the sofa, a figure that rose when she entered, and came toward her. She answered his hello, sat down on the sopha in the spot he had sat in. Felt him sitting down beside her, noticed her mother had not come in with her, and sat.

She tried to gather her thoughts together. Who was it who was sitting beside her on the sofa? It was Jim Denby. No, it was Harry Widener. It was Harry Widener with eyes that were not so nice, and with a face that tried to be as expressionless as it could. But no, it could not have been Harry Widener. Harry Widener looked at you personal like, and decent. And Jim Denby didnt. He looked at you as if he wanted to eat you up. He was in love with you. And Harry wasnt. Why?

Further her mind refused to travel. A black cloud came into her brain and forbade all thought. And she

surrendered to the cloud and sat motionless and thoughtless.

Then she heard Jim or Harry talking. He was asking her what she would do. And she did not know how to answer. Because she knew she had to give two different answers. If this were Jim, shed have to tell him she would look for another job, and if this were Harry shed have to say..... She could not decide which it was. So she kept quiet.

Then she heard.

—Gerty, Ive got something to tell you.

He was speaking. At last he was speaking. This was the moment she had been waiting for. Now he would look at her with his black eyes, and fold her around. And peace.

—Gerty, whats the use of you looking for a job. You cant work all your life. Youre not made for work. Youve got to stay home and be taken care of.

He stopped, and she waited. Why was he talking? Why didnt he do it? She felt he was looking at her, but she did not dare to turn her eyes. He was gazing at her. His eyes travelled over the waist, went into the lace collar, and followed its contour to the breasts. Her heart stopped. Would he recognise it? Would he be angry because she imitated his lady friend?

He began speaking again.

—Gerty, let me take care of you. I can do it. Ill treat you like a queen. There wont be nothing too good for you. Ill love you, and Ill honor you. Ill be dirt under your feet. You aint made for an office. Ill be good to you. Swear to God, I will.

What was he waiting for? What did he want? Why didnt he take her? She was his. She had always been his. Hadnt she waited for him all this time. Did she have to teach him how to make love?

He was evidently waiting for an answer, and while waiting, his gaze travelled on her breasts. He was looking at them. And involuntarily she wanted to screen them

with her hands, but then remembered who he was, and felt ashamed. He could do with her what he wanted. He could take all she had.

She felt his breath on her face, and closed her unseeing eyes. The moment had come, and she was not surprised when she felt his arms around her, enveloping, and his lips on hers.

And she said : —Yes, I'll marry you.

And he kissed her again and again, and she was satisfied.

Then she heard steps, and her mother came in. And she heard him say to her mother that he was going to marry her, and then her mother answered :

—Jim, Im glad to hear it.

And she looked with her eyes. And she saw it wasnt Harry. It was Jim. Jim. Jim. Not Harry.

In one bound she jumped up, and rushed to her room. When she had banged the door shut, she threw herself on the bed, and moaned.

—What did I do? What did I do?

CALICO

by Elma Taylor.

Martha Whipple had lived thirty of her forty-three years in the treeless flatness of Burnside Township. Geography to her meant but two places... the tidy green and white village in Ohio from which her father had disconsolately emigrated at the time of her mother's death... and this Dakota which billowed sandily under a ceaseless wind towards the West.

When Martha was twenty her father succumbed to his discouragement for all eternity and she married Jonas Whipple, a wavering straw-colored little man fifteen years her senior, who lazily contemplated his hundred and sixty acres through a haze of tobacco smoke. Martha was thin and angularly conscious of her shoulders. She affected a forlorn stoop in an apparent effort at self-effacement, which was belied by a stubborn chin and a certain determined jerkiness of movement. She had masses of thick brown hair coiled tightly in an awkward knot at the nape of her neck and deep grey eyes that looked black under the lashed darkness of her lids. The dry sun-saturated air had wrinkled her skin prematurely and her throat above the never-revealed whiteness of her shoulders was tanned to a leathery texture unpleasant to the touch.

But Martha for all her stooping and shrinking and veiling of eyes, was colossally selfish. Even after her daughter Lillian was born she continued to think self-centered thoughts. She persistently dreamed a dream and it had nothing to do with the cities of the earth or the islands of the sea. Seven miles to the East was Spearhead, the

straggling clapboarded pioneer town to which she and Jonas rumbled weekly in a lumber wagon in quest of soap and sugar, flour and kerosene. On a wide cotton-wood-shaded street, called Bluff Avenue, overlooking the river, there was a row of high, white, porticoed houses in which lived "the best families in town," Martha had the temerity to visualize herself as the mistress of one of these houses. She would close her eyes and imagine that she was sitting in the parlor, stiffly erect in the purple elegance of a satin gown, the black lace at her throat confined by a huge gold pin with a pearl in it, and across from her on chairs upholstered in red plush were the Methodist minister and his wife admiring her piety in the shape of a large black and gilt Bible lying just so on a shiney oak center table with curved legs. And while she entertained the most cultured couple in town she could also delight in the great bunches of vivid roses which sprayed the velvet carpet and the lacy intricacies of the curtains through which she could glimpse a closely shaven lawn, a flower bed in the shape of a star, and a white picket fence with a gate that did not sag.

Martha knew that such dreams did not materialize of themselves. Therefore she gently goaded the easy-going Jonas into going into debt for a section of land adjoining their farm. When it was paid for, they would be rich. Jonas acquiesced, for he was in awe of this little person with the thrust out chin and shy eyes. If she had weighed two hundred pounds and had possessed a loud tongue, he might have made some attempt to oppose her, but this almost voiceless insistence... this iron display of will under a vacillating air was too subtle for him. He did not like the idea of acquiring more land at the expense of toil. He would have preferred to potter aimlessly about his sketchily farmed fields until he died. His idea of life was to sit on the warm barren bank of the river and angle for bullheads. He liked to feel the sun sinking softly into his bones, and contemplate the undisturbing lack of landscape... rippleless water under green scum... a yellow fringe of tall grass undulating a little under the wind...

But Martha toppled over his ideal with her driving desire to get up in the world. She routed him out at dawn and together they ploughed through the cold muck of the barnyard and drew milk from the dirty udders of thirty protesting cows. She sent him to the fields, while she carried great brimming buckets of greasy slops to still the clamors of twenty hungry pigs. She darted in and out under barb wire fences rounding up an ever increasing flock of chicknes. She grubbed about under the tangled weeds for eggs. She hung over a stove stuffed with blazing corncobs baking, stewing, boiling and frying... and occasionally the sweat would trickle down and splash on the red hot stove. Sometimes at midnight one could hear the slap-slap of the dasher as she achingly propelled it up and down in the churn. She, who was innately a neat person was forced to "let her house go" until that mythical time when she would take possession of her dream on Bluff Avenue. *That* house would be dustless and white where it should be white... stainless oilcloth on the kitchen table ; the pantry shelves edged with scalloped lace paper ; the embroidered covers in the parlor in a perpetual state of stiffly laundered purity. In the meantime she scrubbed her brown splintered floors with lye-water once a week, but old rags and bits of broken china accumulated on the shelves and there were filthy corners that she never had time to investigate.

One day she decided not to make another trip into town until she made her triumphal entry. She could'nt afford to dress for Main Street... besides, time meant money. So she sent Jonas in alone to market her butter, eggs and vegetables, and to buy the necessities. Once she discovered that the entire family was out of clothes. She asked him to buy some calico. He brought home a whole bolt... heavy blue stuff incongrously sprigged with tiny white stars. He had got it for five cents a yard by taking the whole piece. She grimly set to work and made shapeless Mother Hubbard wrappers for herself ; little yoked dresses for Lillian ; and shirts for Jonas. Lillian sulked because she

had to wear it to school and Jonas grumbled because she had made the tails of his shirts too short, but nobody hated that calico more than Martha herself. It typified everything she loathed and was toiling away from. Lillian's dainty resentment irritated her. Lillian was a quick dark-eyed little thing who loved lessons and she had inherited her mother's chin. It was evident that Lillian dreamed too and this disquieted Martha. She grimly resolved to do her duty by her daughter at the risk of postponing the materialization of her own dream, so she sent her to the High School in Spearhead. Lillian absorbed a little Latin and a great many notions. She learned to demand cashmere for her body and lace for her throat and she became increasingly ashamed of living in the country, but in spite of this social handicap she mixed with the sons and daughters of the families who lived on Bluff Avenue. After her graduation she taught the little school near her home. She earned forty-five dollars a month and spent it all on furred cloaks, plumed hats, high heeled shoes and strings of amber and gold beads.

Her most intimate friend at this time was Eleanor Dobson, a frail superior young person who gave music lessons. Her father was the Methodist minister and she had a brother Robert who was attending college in the East. Lillian often longed to have a presentable mother like Eleanor's... a fair plump lady who wore silk on week days and read uplifting books through gold rimmed glasses. Lillian gazing speculatively at her mother, felt that there was something hopeless about the heavy unyielding way she slaved... something irremediably ugly about those everlasting wrappers of hers...

Martha was forty-three and suddenly they were out of debt. It seemed miraculous. Labor like hers has a way of seeming fruitless after a while. Then a prosperous man from the East came out and offered them a fabulous price for the entire farm. At first Martha felt almost bodiless with delight. The dizzying piles of chipped greasy dishes and milk stained crocks seemed suddenly

to gild themselves into the paraphernalia of her dreams. A kind of fragrance was in the dust-laden air. Life was just on the verge of becoming silken and easy. She was terrified when she discovered that Jonas was disposed to refuse the offer. Now that they were out of debt he wanted to resume his old angling languours on the sunny bank of the river. Martha felt helpless before his attitude. Sometime during those grueling years her strength had filtered out of her. Mentally she had lost the power to assert herself. It was Lillian finally who influenced Jonas to succumb. He adored his pretty smart young daughter and when she tossed her head and calmly announced that she was leaving the farm whether they sold the place or not, that settled the matter. Martha saw her dream coming true through a blur of resentful tears. She felt she did not count any more. Then uncertainty engulfed her. She felt a grotesque desire to cling to the shabby fragments of her past. It had been nearly ten years since she had set foot in Spearhead and it glittered forbiddingly where once it had beckoned softly and luxuriously.

Two days after the sale was consummated, Lillian drove in from a trip to town, her eyes shining. Dr. Currey was giving up his practice and moving back to his old home in Iowa. His new house on Bluff Avenue was for sale. The next day Martha slipped one of Lillian's old coats over her wrapper and drove into town with Jonas to sign the papers. This cosmopolitan experience, brief as it was, plunged her into a twitching kind of speechlesness. There was a repelling effrontery about the very windows of the stores that made her want to hurry by hysterically and hide.

How glad she was to get back to the old murky refuge of her kitchen. What a relief to plunge once more into the elemental activities of the barnyard!

Lillian spent a week in town buying furniture for the new house. Eleanor helped her in the selection of carpets and curtains, and Robert home on a vacation, had ideas about bookcases and reading lamps. His interest fluttered

Lillian. One day he would be a minister and Lillian shared her mother's conviction that there was nothing more cultural than contact with the clergy.

They moved in. To Martha there was something menacingly foreign about the house that she had worked toward all those years. She had a queer feeling that she would be expected to speak another language there behind those high white walls. She fancied there was something alien lurking behind every varnished door, and the parlor . Lillian's fumed oak and cretonned parlor, did not even remotely resemble the room of her bright visioning. The very swish of the portieres as she moved timidly through them seemed to sibilate disapproval of her. Once she caught sight of herself in one of the new long mirrors... a bent leathery old woman in patched calico... she realized then how her appearance eliminated her.

One day Lillian approached her: "Mother, you must get some new clothes. People will think you sleep in that awful calico. Some of the girls will be running in... I would be ashamed..." she trailed off in a flushed silence. Martha felt herself shrink under the bright critical eyes of her daughter. She wished bitterly that she dared remind her that it was her ceaseless toil in such rags that had enabled them all to step into this magnificence... after all so unlike the splendor of her dream. Lillian straightened one of the new dull green velvet portieres with a graceful gesture of a white arm: "I'll get you some clothes," she said, "you can't go down town looking like that," Martha evaded her eyes... "Just as you say" she answered meekly.

Lillian brought home two long white boxes. There was a dull black taffeta dress, a sateen petticoat, some durable underwear minus lace, lisle stockings and a pair of shoes with patent leather tips... "Just the things for a woman your age!" said Lillian proudly. Martha thought of the purple satin of her dreams and the gold pin. The shoes were the only item that recalled what she had slaved for. "Try 'em on" urged Lillian. Martha avoided

touching them. "Not now" she said with a kind of sad terror in her eyes, "some day..."

She tried to reconstruct her dream to include the clothes that were just right for a woman her age. She thought she succeeded. She looked at her calico... just six buttons between her and ladyhood! So simple, but its very simplicity paralyzed her. And everybody would laugh at her attempts to be like the mistresses of the other houses on Bluff Avenue. Her knotted brown hands would look funny trying to lie at ease in a taffeta lap. Her feet in the new shoes would not carry her without accident across the treacherous polished floors. Her tongue did not know its way about among words fitting to her new station. It hung over her like a nightmare that someday Lillian would force her upstairs and into those clothes. She invented all sorts of tasks to keep herself employed in out of the way places like the attic and cellar. She stole furtively up and down the back stairs like a little faded blue ghost. And when she was alone in the house, if the door bell rang, she cowered in a windowless corner and refused to answer. She even trembled at the approach of the grocer boy.

Jonas, however was happy ; he frequented Fred Meyer's Grocery, where he sat on a cracker box and smoked and reminisced with his old cronies who drove in from the country. He felt superior now and bragged about living on Bluff Avenue.

They had been three months in Spenehead and still Martha barricaded herself behind her pots and pans. Lillian did not seem to notice. She walked up and down every evening under the lights of Main Street and spent moonlit hours on the Dobson porch with Eleanor and Robert. Jonas continued to expand under the envy of his old neighbors.

One hot June morning Lillian penetrated into the kitchen : "Mother," she said offhandedly, "The Rev. Dobson and his wife are coming to call tomorrow afternoon. I've invited them to stay for supper. Eleanor and Robert

too..." Martha looked up from the creamy masses of bread dough that billowed elastically to meet the whiteness of her upper arm... "The Rev. Dobson and his wife.... and Eleanor and Robert? :" she asked blankly.

"Yes" replied Lillian pettishly... "for goodness sake, mother, don't pretend you don't know *who they are*! Eleanor's my best friend... and Robert". She hesitated coloring a little. She had her own private dream about him!

"I'm going to ask that little Effie Sadler to come in and wait on table. I want things nice. The Dobson's, you know, are city people. They used to live in Des Moines. Make father put on his Sunday clothes..."

The warm dough seemed to shrink and congeal under hands which had turned to ice at her daughter's words. She looked up breathlessly desperate : "Oh Lillie! Let me stay out in the kitchen. I'll get the best supper I know how... Roast chicken... mashed potatoes... chocolate cake."

Lillian snapped the fastening of her glove : "The idea! How'd you think I'd feel to have the Dobsons know you were slaving out here in the kitchen. They'd think I was... awful. They know I have a mother and they'd wonder... There's all those new clothes. There is no excuse..." She turned swiftly and let herself out the door. Martha heard the tap-tap of her high heels as she sped down the tree-shaded street... and then she slipped bonelessly into a chair and buried her throbbing head in her sticky arms. She could'nt play the mistress in Lillian's house. She would rather die. Oh how she longed to be back in that dark smelly kitchen on the farm where she knew her way about! She did not know what to do with her hands unless they were immersed in suds or flour. She could not bear the ordeal of being inspected tomorrow afternoon by four pairs of critical eyes... She would slink about in all this grandeur and they would smile at her behind her back. They would pity Lillian for having such an awkward mother... and Lillian? What would be Lillian's thoughts when she made her pitiful ineffectual attempts

to be a lady? She wept until her hair hung down her back in a great untidy flood.

At four thirty the next afternoon, Lillian let herself in the front door. She gave a satisfied look around at the cool subdued brightness of the rooms. The sun filtered through the creamy net curtains and made little latticed shadows on the green velvet rug. Through the portieres she glimpsed the table that she had arranged that morning. How pretty the fern looked in its silver dish! Robert would see that she knew how to do things! She made her way into the kitchen. On the stove simmered a pot or two and on the table was a large round cake carefully iced. The signs of recent activity and the very steam as it issued cloudily from beneath the shining pot lids seemed to intensify the emptiness of the kitchen. She glanced nervously out of the window. There was no one out there except her father who wandered stiffly up and down the graveled path in his "funeral suit" as he called it. Down the alley way she saw the little white-aproned figure of Effie Sadler hurrying to keep her appointment. A sharp ring at the front door. She flew to open it. Her guests of course... all four. They rustled cheerfully in, making appreciative exclamations. Lillian pushed forward the soft new chairs. Then she excused herself and dashed back through the kitchen and up the back stairs. She paused a moment outside her mother's door, apprehending she knew not what. Why this cold rush rush of fear up and down her spine? Her mother was quietly dressing behind that door. She turned the knob and stepped reluctantly in. The shades were down making an unnatural twilight, and in the artificial dusk she saw two lidless white boxes out of which sprawled vague formless heaps. A long stiff figure on the bed... it was as if some one had picked up a lifeless body and carefully arranged it there. Lillian suppressed a scream and was relieved to see the figure fold itself up into a convulsive knot. It would have been too awful of her mother to die with all those people downstairs, one of whom was so important

to her. She gently shook her mother's shoulder. Lillian noticed that her hair was down and that her pale face looked almost young surrounded by the soft waving flood of it. "Mother" she whispered, "get up and dress. The company have come. They..." Martha sat up and made groping movements with her hands : "They ?" she sibilated vaguely, "They ?" It was as if she was emerging from a heavy sleep that had obliterated the past. "Yes" said Lillian soothingly "The Dobsons Father is dressed and you must dress too." Martha clutched at the calico which seemed to stretch tightly across her swelling bosom : "I can't" she panted, "I can't... it's grown fast to me... see! Fast! You'll have to bury me in it... bury me in it... bury me..." Her voice rose in a kind of grating rythm and she tore the calico until a white shoulder slipped through. Then she sank back and turned her face to the wall and moaned. Lillian hurriedly threw a blanket over her to stifle the sounds and turned and went swiftly downstairs. She collided with Jonas who was trying to summon up courage enough to brave the gentry in the untried splendor of the parlor. "Where you goin' in such a rush ?" he asked irritably. She shook him off impatiently : "I've got to go tell'em mother's sick". Jonas stared incredulously. His wife had only succumbed to illness once in all the twenty-three years of their married life and that had been the occasion of his daughter's birth. "Sick ?" he asked stupidly, trying to take in this unnatural calamity. Lillian pushed him into a chair : "It's worse than that" she said huskily, "Stay here. I'll be back in a minute."

She turned to the mirror. She tucked up a loosened curl, rubbed some color into her pallid cheeks, and twisted her lips into a smile. Then she sauntered as gracefully as she could towards the parlor. Her one idea was to get Robert and his family tactfully and charmingly out of the house before the woman upstairs began to scream.

CROSS-COUNTRY SNOW

by Ernest Hemingway.

The funicular car bucked once more and then stopped. It could not go further, the snow drifted solidly across the track. The gale scouring the exposed surface of the mountain had swept the snow surface into a wind-board crust. Nick waxing his skis in the baggage car pushed his boots into the toe irons and shut the clamp tight. He jumped from the car sideways onto the hard wind-board, made a jump turn and crouching and trailing his sticks slipped in a rush down the slope.

On the white below George dipped and rose and dipped out of sight. The rush and the sudden swoop as he dropped down a steep undulation in the mountain side plucked Adams' mind out and left him only the wonderful flying, dropping sensation in his body. He rose to a slight up-run and then the snow seemed to drop out from under him as he went down, down, faster and faster in a rush down the last long steep slope. Crouching so he was almost sitting back on his skis, trying to keep the center of gravity low, the snow driving like a sandstorm he knew the pace was too much. But he held it. He would not let go and spill. Then a patch of soft snow, left in a hollow by the wind, spilled him and he went over and over in a clashing of skis, feeling like a shot rabbit, then stuck, his legs crossed, his skis sticking straight up and his nose and ears jammed full of snow.

George stood a little further down the slope knocking the snow from his wind jacket with big slaps.

"You took a beauty Mike," he called to Nick. "That's lousy soft soft snow. It bagged me the same way."

"What's it like over the khud?" Nick kicked his skis around as he lay on his back and stood up.

"You've got to keep to your left. It's a good fast drop with a Christy at the bottom on account of a fence."

"Wait a sec and we'll take it together."

"No you come on and go first. I like to see you take the khuds."

Nick Adams came up past George, big back and blonde head still faintly snowy, then his skis started slipping at the edge and he swooped down, hissing in the crystalline powder snow and seeming to float up and down drop as he went up and down the billowing khuds. He held to his left and at the end as he rushed toward the fence, keeping his knees locked tight together and turning his body like tightening a screw brought his skis sharply around to the right in a smother of snow and slowed into a loss of speed parallel to the hillside and the wire fence.

He looked up the hill. George was coming down in telemark position, kneeling; one leg forward and bent, the other trailing; his sticks hanging like some insect's thin legs, kicking up puffs of snow as they touched the surface and finally the whole kneeling, trailing figure coming around in a beautiful right curve, crouching, the legs shot forward and back, the body leaning out against the swing, the sticks accenting the curve like points of light, all in a wild cloud of snow.

"I was afraid to Christy", George said "the snow was too deep. You made a beauty."

"I can't telemark with my leg," Nick said.

Nick held down the top strand of the wire fence with his ski and George slid over. Nick followed him down to the road. They thrust bent-kneed along the road into a pine forest. The road became polished ice, stained orange and a tobacco yellow from the teams hauling logs. The ski-ers kept to the stretch of snow along the side. The road dipped sharply to a stream and then ran straight up

hill. Through the woods they could see a long, low-eaved, weather beaten building. Through the trees it was a faded yellow. Closer the window frames were painted green. The paint was peeling. Nick knocked his clamps loose with one of his ski sticks and kicked off the skis.

"We might as well carry them up here," he said.

He climbed the steep road with the skis on his shoulder, kicking his heel nails into the icy footing. He heard George breathing and kicking in his heels just behind him. They stacked the skis against the side of the inn and slapped the snow off each others trousers, stamped their boots clean, and went in.

Inside it was quite dark. A big porcelain stove shone in the corner of the room. There was a low ceiling. Smooth benches back of dark, wine-stained tables were along each side of the rooms. Two Swiss sat over their pipes and two decies of cloudy new wine next to the stove. The boys took off their jackets and sat against the wall on the other side of the stove. A voice in the next room stopped singing and a girl in a blue apron came in through the door to see what they wanted to drink.

"A bottle of Sion," Nick said. "Is that all right Gidge?»

"Sure...", said George. "You know more about wine than I do. I like any of it."

The girl went out.

"There's nothing really can touch ski-ing, is there?" Nick said. "The way it feels when you first drop off on a long run."

"Huh", said George. "It's too swell to talk about."

The girl brought the wine in and they had trouble with the cork. Nick finally opened it. The girl went out and they heard her singing in German in the next room.

"Those specks of cork in it don't matter," said Nick.

"I wonder if she's got any cake."

"Let's find out."

The girl came in and Nick noticed that her apron covered swellingly her pregnancy. I wonder why I didn't see that when she first came in, he thought.

"What were you singing?" he asked her.

"Opera, German opera." She did not care to discuss the subject. "We have some apple strudel if you want it."

"She isn't so cordial, is she?" said George.

"Oh, well. She doesn't know us and she thought we were going to kid her about her singing maybe. She's from up where they speak German probably and she's touchy about being here and then she's got that baby coming without being married and she's touchy."

"How do you know she isn't married?"

"No ring. Hell, no girls get married around here till they're knocked up."

The door came open and a gang of woodcutters from up the road came in, stamping their boots and steaming in the room. The waitress brought in three litres of new wine for the gang and they sat at the two tables, smoking and quiet, with their hats off, leaning back against the wall or forward on the table. Outside the horses on the wood sledges made an occasional sharp jangle of bells as they tossed their heads.

George and Nick were happy. They were fond of each other. They knew they had the run back home ahead of them.

"When have you got to go back to school?" Nick asked.

"Tonight," George answered. "I've got to get the ten forty from Montreux.

"I wish you could stick over and we could do the Dent du Lys tomorrow."

"I got to get educated", George said. "Gee Mike don't you wish we could just bum together? Take our skis and go on the train to where there was good running and then go on and put up at pubs and go right across the Oberland and up the Valais and all through the Engadine and just take repair kit and extra sweaters and pyjamas in our rucksacks and not give a dam about school or anything."

"Yes and go through the Schwartzwald that way. Gee the swell places."

"That's where you went fishing last summer is'n't it?"

"Yes."

They ate the strudel and drank the rest of the wine.

George leaned back against the wall and shut his eyes.

"Wine always makes me feel this way", he said.

"Feel bad?" Nick asked.

"No. I feel good but funny."

"I know", Nick said.

"Sure", said George.

"Should we have another bottle?" Nick asked.

"Not for me", George said.

They sat there, Nick leaning his elbows on the table, George slumped back against the wall.

"Is Helen going to have a baby?" George said, coming down to the table from the wall.

"Yes."

"When?"

"Late next summer."

"Are you glad?"

"Yes. Now."

"Will you go back to the States?"

"I guess so."

"Do you want to?"

"No."

"Does Helen?"

"No."

George sat silent. He looked at the empty bottle and the empty glasses.

"It's hell, isn't it?" he said.

"No, not exactly," Nick said.

"Why not?"

"I don't know," Nick said.

"Will you ever go skiing together in the States?" George said.

"I don't know," said Nick.

"The mountains aren't much," George said.

"No," said Nick. "They're too rocky. There's too much timber and they're too far away."

"Yes," said George, "that's the way it is in California."

"Yes," Nick said, "that's the way it is everywhere I've ever been."

"Yes," said George, "that's the way it is."

The Swiss got up and paid and went out.

"I wish we were Swiss," George said.

"They've all got goitre", said Nick.

"I don't believe it," George said.

"Neither do I," said Nick.

They laughed.

"Maybe we'll never go ski-ing again, Nick," George said.

"We've got to, "said Nick. "It isn't worth while if you can't."

"We'll go all right," George said.

"We've got to," Nick agreed.

"I wish we could make a promise about it," George said.

Nick stood up. He buckled his wind jacket tight. He leaned over George and picked up the two ski poles from against the wall. He stuck one of the ski poles into the floor.

"There isn't any good in promising," he said.

They opened the door and went out. It was very cold. The snow had crusted hard. The road ran up the hill into the pine trees.

They took down their skis from where they leaned against the wall in the inn. Nick put on his gloves. George was already started up the road, his skis on his shoulder. Now they would have the run home together.

VIENNE

By Jean Rhys.

I

The Dancer.

Funny how it's slipped away, Vienne. Nothing left but a few snapshots—

Not a friend, not a pretty frock—nothing left of Vienna.

Hot sun, my black frock, a hat with roses, music, lots of music—

The little dancer at the "Parisien" with a Kirchner girl's legs and a little faun's face.

She was so exquisite that girl that it clutched at one, gave one a pain that anything so lovely could ever grow old, or die, or do ugly things—

A fragile child's body, a fluff of black skirt ending far above the knee. Silver straps over that beautiful back, the wonderful legs in black silk stockings and little satin shoes, short hair, cheeky little face.

She gave me the *songe bleu*—Four, five feet she could jump and come down on that wooden floor without a sound—

Her partner, an unattractive individual in badly fitting trousers, could lift her with one hand, throw her in the air, catch her, swing her as one would a flower.

At the end she made an adorable little "gamine's" grimace.

Note. From novel called *Triple Sec.*

Ugly humanity, I'd always thought—I saw people differently afterwards—because for once I'd met sheer loveliness with a flame inside, for there was "it"—the spark, the flame in her dancing.

John (a dam good judge) raved about her. André also, though cautiously, for he was afraid she would be too expensive.

All the French officers coveted her—night after night the place was packed.

Finally she disappeared. Went back to Buda Pest where afterwards we heard of her.

Married to a barber

Rum!

Pretty women, lots.

How pretty women here are—

Lovely food.

Poverty gone, the dread of it—going.

II.

"FISCHYL"

I met him at the Tabarin.

The Tabarin when we were in Vienna was the *chic* night café, though I did'nt think it as amusing as the Parisien—

Simone, Germaine, John, me, a rum Viennese who wore a monocle and was supposed to live on his very charming wife, two Italians.

Fischyl arrived to "kiss the hand" ; froze on to me and asked if I'd come to play golf next morning.

The links are near the Prater—and we sat in the nice little house-place—drinking hot wine before we started.

It was dam cold for golf.

Also Fischyl said my hat was too big and insisted on my taking it off and putting on a sort of mosquito-net thing made of green gauze which covered my face up and fastened at the back.

He wore a white sweater and huge boots—

We sallied out and he started to show me how to hold my club but all I could think of was how to get at my nose which I wanted to blow.

Also I'd left my handkerchief in the club house.

However I explained (after two sniffs) to Fischyl.

He was quite a sport undid the mosquito net and lent me his enormous hanky.

Then he said that he was dying to kiss the back of my neck.

It was amusing golf—and we played several times.

He was tall and large with a bushy moustache and a beaky nose, old or oldish.

He talked incessantly of flirting, of London (which he hated) of English people (who amazed him) of himself —of Women.

I always remember one long discourse about some place where he'd been in some official capacity.

He talked French and though my French was improving there were blanks.

So I only gathered that it was in the Orient.

Turkey perhaps—or Asia Minor. Could it have been Smyrna?

Anyway there was Fischyl. An Important Person.

And every evening he would promenade along the principal street or place or whatever it was and choose a woman.

They sat at windows and passed in carriages.

For all the women were beautiful there—and all were... well, a man had only to choose.

I imagined Fischyl walking along, trousers rather tight, moustaches fiercely curling, chest well out—Choosing.

As a matter of fact I am not being fair to Fischyl for he was like most Viennese, charming, and clever as hell.

He was fearfully interested in the air raids over London —wanted to know if I remembered the one of such and such a date.

Was there any damage done? And where?

Afterwards I found out that he'd been in Germany during the war and was in some way connected with the air service.

I wonder if he'd anything to do with the bomb that fell so close to the Cavour that night I was with Kinsky?

Golf was too dam cold for the winter I decided.

III.

THE SPENDING PHASE.

I'd noticed people growing more and more deferential to John and incidentally to me. I'd noticed that he seemed to have money—a good deal—a great deal.

He made it on the change he told me.

Then one day in the spring of 1921 we left the flat in Favoritenstrasse for a suite in the Imperial: a bedroom, sitting room and bathroom.

We sent off the cook and D—, promoted to be my maid came with us.

Nice to have lots of money—nice, nice.

Good to have a car, a big chauffeur, rings and a string of pearls and as many frocks as I liked.

Good to have money, money. All the flowers I wanted. All the compliments I wanted. Everything everything.

Oh great god money—you make possible all that's nice in life—Youth and beauty, the envy of women, and the love of men—

Even the luxury of a soul, a character and thoughts of one's own you give, and only you!—To look in the glass and think I've got what I wanted!

I gambled when I married and I've won—

As a matter of fact I was'nt so exalted really, but it was exceedingly pleasant.

Spending and spending
And there was always more—

. . . . . .

One day I had a presentiment.

John gave an extra special lunch to the Japanese officers, Miyake, Hayashi, Oshima and Co.

We lunched in a separate room which started my annoyance for I preferred the restaurant especially with the Japanese who depressed me.

It was rather cold and dark and the meal seemed interminable—

Miyake in the intervals of eating enormously told us a long history of an officer in Japan who "hara-kari'd" because his telephone went wrong during manœuvres.

Rotten reason I call it but Miyake seemed to think him a hero.

Escaped as soon as I could upstairs.

I was like Napoleon's mother suddenly "Provided it lasts."

And if it does not? Well, thinking that was to feel the authentic "cold brand clutching my heart"

And a beastly feeling too let me tell you.

So damned well I knew that I could never be poor again with courage or dignity.

I did a little sum, translated what we were spending into francs—into pounds—I was appalled—(When we first arrived in Vienne the crown was 13 to the franc—at that time it was about sixty).

As soon as I could I attacked John—

First he laughed then he grew vexed.

"Ella I tell you it's all right. How much am I making? A lot.

"How much exactly? Can't say. How? You won't understand.

"Don't be frightened, it--brings bad luck. You'll stop my luck.

I shut up. I know so well that presentiments, fears, are unlucky.

"Don't worry" said John "soon I will pull it quite off and we will be rich, rich—

We dined in a little corner of the restaurant.

At the same table a few days before a Russian girl 24 years of age had shot herself.

With her last money she had a decent meal and then bang. Out—

And I made up my mind that if ever it came to it I should do it too.

Not to be poor again.

No and No and No—

So darned easy to plan that—and always at the last moment—one is afraid. Or cheats oneself with hope.

I can still do this and this. I can still clutch at that or that.

So and so will help me.

How you fight, cleverly and well at first, then more wildly—then hysterically.

I can't go down, I won't go down. Help me, help me.

Steady—I must be clever—So and so will help.

But so and so smiles a wordly smile.

You get nervous. He doesn't understand. I'll make him—

But so and so's eyes grow cold. You plead.

Can't you help me, won't you please? It's like this and this—

So and so becomes uncomfortable, obstinate—

No good—

I mustn't cry. I won't cry—

And that time you don't—You manage to keep your head up, a smile on your face.

So and so is vastly relieved. So relieved that he offers at once the little help that is a mockery, and the consoling compliment.

In the taxi still you don't cry.

You've thought of someone else—

But at the fifth or sixth disappointment you cry more easily—

After the tenth you give it up—You are broken—No nerves left—

And every second-rate fool can have their cheap little triumph over you—judge you with their little middle-class judgment.

Can't do anything for them. No good.

C'est rien — c'est une femme qui se noie —

But two years, three years afterwards. *Salut* to you little Russian girl who had pluck enough and enough knowledge of the world, to finish when your good time was over.

THE STORM

by Ivan Beede.

A small woman of 40, with scant hair combed back in an indefinite knot, with spectacles that slipped down a little on her thin nose, with a face that seemed to collect about her dim eyes, she stood upon the porch edge, peering at the sultry afternoon.

She had not wished to go out and look at the sky, for she was all alone, and she sensed that a storm was coming. But in the breathless house she could find nothing more to occupy her ; she was uneasy and uncertain ; she could not sit still ; and so she opened the screen door and crossed the little covered porch.

The afternoon spread before her, lifeless and unnaturally still. Only the sun was in the sky, and under its glare, as far as her eyes could see, lay the suffering corn. The stale odour of sap touched her nostrils, and to her ears came, like the scarcely-heard movement of a body before death, a faint stirring and a rustling of the corn.

In the shadow of the barn the cows squatted uneasily, and chickens marched ceaselessly in dazed semi-circles. Flies clustered about the empty pails that were ranged on the porch, and although she listened for the comfortable droning of bees, she could not hear it.

She shuddered as the warm air rose like a pool about her, washing the tips of her ears. It was impossible, standing there, to deny that a storm was coming. From behind this deceitful sameness it would come, this afternoon, in an hour, or two hours, or three. A breeze would fall like a

shadow, and a fleck would attack the tissue of the sky. It would spread malignantly until all was absorbed, even the sun. Then, worse than the sun, the storm would come, bringing wind and rain and—and lightning.

She was helpless and she was alone. There was no human being within her reach, save the threshers half-a-mile away, and she could not go there. She had no excuse, and if she should walk down the choking road to the field, her husband would see her, and yell to ask her what she wanted. She wanted nothing except to be near a human soul, and she could not tell him that.

Her eyes followed the road, and her feet seemed to feel for the steps. She wanted to break out and run, but to go to the fields was out of the question, and there was no other refuge. There was nothing to do but go inside and wait for the storm.

The slowly gathering fear which she tried to restrain made her hands quiver and her heart beat flutteringly in her breast. She gulped down her dread, and found further tasks for her hands. She blacked the stove, reswept the floor, put fresh paper on the shelves of the cupboard. When she could think of nothing else she went into the bedroom and put on her good clothes, and in a heavy brown skirt and white waist, with a gold watch pinned over her heart, she sat down in the darkened parlor to think.

She tried to entertain herself with pleasant thoughts, but her agitated mind ran on without reason, and she was relieved to discover in the stillness the buzzing of a solitary fly. She went out into the kitchen for the swatter and returned to give chase. The fly was drugged by the heavy air, and once she had shooed it down from the ceiling, she killed it with ease. It fell on the floor at her feet, and she sat down again in the rocking chair. But the thought of the fly lying there fretted her mind. She could not think of anything else, though she tried, and at last she determined to remove it. But a paralysis took hold of her mind and her muscles ; she could not decide what to do. In the end she knelt down and picked it up gingerly in the

hem of her good skirt, carried it out through the kitchen all the way to the porch, and dropped it off the edge.

When she came back to the parlor, she took the Bible from the stand by the window and began to read. She told herself she would not be greatly afraid of the storm. She would trust in God and he would comfort her. Against her perspiring body she felt a sudden breeze, and hastily she turned to her favorite psalms. "Oh my God, in Thee do I put my trust; save me from all that persecute me, and deliver me." And turning further over, "Thou shalt not be afraid of the terror by night, nor for the arrow that flieth by day. Nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness, nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday."

A clatter of thunder interrupted her reading, and she felt an electric movement of the hairs of her body. Lightning was coming to make her ill, sick at heart, and full of dreadful fear. Looking up from the page stealthily she glanced at her hands holding the Bible. They were moist with sweat, and she feared the moistness of her hands.

From the window a cool draught came, smelling of dust, and corn sap, and rain. She got up and closed all the windows. "Oh come, let us sing unto the Lord: let us heartily rejoice in the strength of our salvation. Let us come before His presence with thanksgiving and shew ourselves glad in Him with psalms."

She read on and on, while inexorably the flashes grew more livid, and the crashing of thunder more ominous, and the moments of tense waiting between each flash and each crash more unbearable for her taut nerves.

The lightning came nearer and nearer, and at last a flash brought her to her feet with a little vexed, whimpering cry. She could not sit still in the chair any longer, and she stood, reading her Bible hastily, trying to hold her thoughts on the comforting page. It seemed to her that the crisis must already have passed, but in reality it had not yet come. There would have to be something much closer before the worst was over. Lighting might strike the corn, or the windmill, or it might strike the house itself.

As regularly the lightning flashed, always nearer, and the thunder crashed, always louder, she was sure she could never come through it alive. She stood the strain as long as she could, and then she let the Bible drop to the floor, and went quickly into the bedroom, sweeping two large pillows in her arms, and returned to the center of the parlor.

She was standing there when the stroke came. It stripped a young plum tree outside the parlor window, and filled the room with an unhealthy light. Electricity ran along the telephone wires to the house, cracked in the transmitter box, made the bell tinkle, and filled the air with a burnt odour and the sweet taste of ozone. The bolt was so near that the enormous thunder seemed to detonate within the house, and it rattled lingeringly against the frame walls like the crackling of heavy paper.

Her frightened senses were aware of the bolt a moment before it struck, and as it came she uttered a shriek, and crouched down in a heap on the floor, on top of the pillows. Her breath came in irregular gasps, and tears streamed from her eyes. "Oh God," she cried out, in the bewilderment of her soul, "I am here—*I* am here."

The tears flowed ceaselessly from her eyes, faster than the sweat through the pores of her skin, and she remained thus a long time, conscious only of the roar of the wind and the beating of the rain and the descent of the lightning and thunder. Each time the lightning and thunder came she hugged herself more abysmally close, but slowly, very slowly, the thunder grew weak and the lightning lost its terror. The time came when she could open her eyes, and it seemed to her then that the occasional glimmering in the sky was no brighter than a lightning bug's. As the strength of the storm weakened, her own force came back, the tears ceased to flow from her eyes, and her heart pulsed snugly in her chest.

Finding herself there on the floor she got up and took the pillows back into the bedroom and remade the bed, and opened the windows. Then she took off her good

clothes, which were clinging and damp, and put on her house apron, and went out into the kitchen to start supper. Through the doorway she could see the chaste sun shining on the glistening fields of corn, and when she went out to feed the chickens she thrust her shoes into the wet grass and laughed.

While cooking supper she heard down the road the slow creaking of a haywrack. Her husband was coming home through the mud; threshing had been stopped by the storm. She felt joyful when she saw him turn in at the gate, and went out to meet him, and lingered after he had gone into the house.

The barnyard was wet and cool, and night was coming down to shut them comfortingly in from the awful emptiness of the plains. She looked at the cornfields, took in the outline of the barn and the windmill, and peered at the yellow gleam of the lamp her husband had lighted. All she could see of the world, as the darkness deepened, was her house and her barn and her windmill, and the shadowy form of her husband.

She went back to put the meat on the stove, and before she set the table for supper, she put on a fresh tablecloth...

But something like this happened to her again and again; and one day this woman will go mad.

LONDON NIGHT

by A. Williams Ellis.

We were all waiting for the bus in the snow. There was a ceaseless hum of intricate affairs. People taking up their lives like knitting after the theatre. She had bright cockney-black eyes. "Takes you out of yourself doesn't it?" No not for long! That was perfunctory and said because the fat woman had paid for both seats. The phrase was really the flash of the girl's two heels diving back into herself. Herself was a nice warm place, cosy and quite out of the snow. There was such a lot going on there too. Yes she was back again all right. "I said, 'Never', I said, 'not while I can pay for shoe-leather'. Warm and approving.

The short woman with grey wisps of hair and the hand woven dress—you know that milky blue of the vegetable-dyes?—had got back too, back into her own affairs. Her voice was sweet and plaintive. "It was a blow:—a great blow to me as you can guess..." Her attention had gone while her tongue still spoke, those soft brown eyes had such a way of slipping off things. Already they were peering down the Strand and half of her was wondering why there were no elevens. A great blow! I don't believe she'd been there when it fell, whatever it was. She never stayed in that handwoven outside to receive great blows. She slipped off to little hobbies she had. But blows were interesting. You thought you felt them, and they made a pattern, an orange pattern on a mild blue ground.

The two young Guards' corporals were discussing the prices of something. They were round limbed and anxious headed with stripes to mind. How you laid it out made a difference. It meant a lot.

The narrow man in evening dress was alone. The dinner, you guessed, had been dull. But he was used to that, it was usual and he was patient and accustomed. Now he had wilted back into himself as resigned as a fish.

When the bus came it was warm and glittering.

The Scotch girl got in just behind me, full of something, some affair or another that she was ruminating. Impossible to see her. Only an accident to the bus would have justified the cricked neck and goggling eyes. She remained therefore a bodiless voice. How was it clear that she was talking to a man? Elderly I guessed him. She was confident with a deep blurred voice. He never spoke at all though all along he agreed with every word. You could tell that for certain.

How wonderful to be agreed with all the way from Whitehall to the Grosvenor Hotel! And she did pack the wood tight too. Fairly filled the streets with people and doings. Although she spoke so leisurely she drew their whole lives for you—at least as far as they had lived them. They were London Scotch too with Relations. That was how you found them when it began. Each of them was just a slight incident in a formidable large lake of relations. Some old, some quite young, but all unanimous. The two of them made up their minds at once. There was no time to lose. They must both have realised that they'd sunk for the second time. Terrifying to feel the waters closing now in London again with school and college over. So they had clung almost at sight and were married in three weeks.

"But you know it was extraordinary how they never seemed to settle. He'd some kind of a steady work. An engineer he was or some such thing. But they used to be for ever changing flats and it would be weeks sometimes before she'd let us know

"They seemed so undecided. You'd go and see them—we all went to see them, and his people the same—and after a bit you'd go again and find they'd removed from the flat. They were not so extra finicking either and always seemed well pleased with their place. But often for a week or two or even a month we wouldn't know where to put hand on them and neither would his family. Then we'd hear somehow, or run across them and of course we'd let the McCullum's know too. When we went they were always so sorry they'd forgotten to write. Really they seemed absent minded in all things—forgetting sugar or having to send out for milk. Once they went abroad for a month or two without ever a word. None of us quite knew what they did with themselves, though I daresay they spent a fortune just on the moving. His aunt that brought him up lived with them at first, but she soon got weary of it,—moving like that without rhyme or reason. He used to wear pince nez and if you asked him, why he was not content, he'd just peer at you. I could never get any sense out of him about it, and I cannot now think why it was they did it, or why they cared where they lived. For Miss McCullum told me that while she was with them, at any rate, they were never at home. Out all day they were and would meet each other at some restaurant in the evening and only come home to sleep."

The man spoke at last in a deep Scotch voice. "And where are they now?" The girl did not answer at once but I heard her begin to gather up her things. "Thanks I keep all my programmes" she said. Where had they been. Barrie of course! They moved down the bus. "And where are they now", he asked again.

She was stepping down but her one word floated to me above the vibration of the standing bus. In her voice like blurred velvet it was beautiful. "Valparaiso" she said. They crossed in front of the bus fearless and powerful, swinging along. The girl's face I saw as screwed up somehow as though she were peering through a sort of mist—was there a fog to help the snow's silence or was

the mist perhaps a private one that only surrounded a memory of two scurrying mouselike figures, secret, furtive and incomprehensible. I fancy there was a real fog, a light separating quieting fog into which presently I walked swiftly. A fog into which I sank away from the bus, separated and dissolved. I felt so safe in it, inviolably lost and separated. Another lighted bus passed slowly, there were heads inside inclined together and one man bent up alone on the top. Another bus careering the other way went roaring and streaming down the hill. In my own street I saw the cracks of light under blinds, and shadows moved on them leisurely. People were at ease after the day, moving softly in their houses, living there quietly, as natural in their queer rooms as cattle are. I could go home or not as I liked. Presently perhaps I should.—I should deliberately go home. But perhaps I wouldn't go to bed but work or potter about or perhaps just sit in a chair with all the lights turned on.

Valparaiso! So far! "Puir wee slicket tim'rous beastie." But it was over now for them. So free they would be now. Floating free in that seething glare. Hearing whipcracks and mulefeet and tram bells coming to them through the hard light. They would taste the bitter dust and the peppers, and jolt to Vina-del-Mar, to Punta Angeles, or to Greusa.

VILLAGE

by Robert McAlmon.

For three days an intense heat dominated all life and movement throughout the area of Wentworth. The thoroughfares were covered with dust a foot deep so that vehicles passing through them left immense clouds of dust which made the atmosphere addedly choking for minutes afterwards.

Old Ike Sorenson, after a week's dutiful attendance to his crops, had come into town on this day, already drunk from liquor he had at his bachelor shack ten miles from town. It was a drink he called methigulum, a preparation made of yeast, honey and water, which he let stand supposedly ten days after making. Ike however frequently let this preparation stand thirty days, as he always had several crocks full on hand, and by this time it had become firefully potent; this and corn silage whiskey drained from the bottom of his cylindrical silo where the juice of the winter ago silage had seeped, served him when he didn't feel up to a trip to town for a drink.

For the first hour Ike wandered up and down the streets, with red restless eyes, and a staggering indifference to kidding comments or looks of disapproval. His dirty sandy beard was unkempt, as was his sand coloured mop of hair. His blotched face was besottedly sullen and feverish with an animal sulkiness.

Note. — This is an extract from Mr. McAlmon's forthcoming book of the same name.

"Ay tank you giff me more vhiskey" he asked of Jake Murphy at Sullivan's saloon, but Jake was reluctant to take his order because Ike was sometimes dangerous when he got drunk, and wanted to fight every man he saw. Women he ignored. The saloons in the town and county were having enough trouble fighting the prohibition movement without serving Ike who wasn't good enough a customer with his periodic drunkons, on cheap liquor, to make it worth while pampering him.

But Ike got strong liquor somewhere ; possibly from old man Higgins who at the moment appeared flush with money so that it was supposed he was running a blind pig at his shack, in conjunction with a brothel where his own daughters were the inmates who served the farmhands and hoboes that patronized the place. Anyway it was sure that he dealt in bootleg liquor, so that failing elsewhere, Ike naturally went to him.

Ike, being thoroughly drunk by twelve o'clock staggered along Egan Avenue until he got to Mrs. Simpson's tiny house next to the Masonic Lodge. He was sure that she wouldn't kick him out even if she discovered him sleeping upon her sacks of coal in the woodshed back of her kitchen.

Mrs. Simpson, Brick's mother, was a woman near fifty, of German stock. She said, in her more lucid moments, that her husband, a very wealthy man, had deserted her when they arrived in America, but nobody really believed she'd ever had a husband. For the last fifteen years she'd been doing sewing for women about town, and it was known that if she liked the woman she was sewing for that she was capable of turning out a dress which had more fit and style to it than had any other seamstresses' in town. After being shown a design in a fashion magazine she could reproduce it with great skill. All she required was that her client sit and talk to her chummily for a while. With her broken accents she would recount stories of her past, and imagine great fortunes she was to inherit in the future. About Brick she worried little. "He tinks dot I'm dotty, my poy. Vell, he ain'd so far off, bud I feeds him regular

und he is a pright poy. Ernie (Brick's given name) vill look oud vor himself."

For various reasons Mrs. Simpson was held in some awe by both young and adult people of town. For one thing she had a temper that could blaze and explode so that a victim of it might need to run down the street with Mrs. Simpson in pursuit wielding a butcher knife, a flat iron, or some weighty weapon. Brick, impudent to her generally, had her moods delicately timed by now so that he knew when to desist and slip out of the house, whereupon her memory lapsed. There were never aftermaths of her temper, for him, but for various townsmen of standing there was much aftermath.

At the time of the building of the Masonic Lodge, at least ten men had called upon Mrs. Simpson, individually, and in committees of two, three, or five men, in an endeavor to buy her lot and cottage so that they could do away with it. It was an eyesore, standing as it did right next to the supposedly beautiful masonic lodge. She was offered three times the value of her property; five times; ten times; but Mrs. Simpson would not sell out. It was too much trouble finding another place and moving her scant furniture. Another cottage was found her; a promise to move her belongings and add to her furniture was made. Mrs. Simpson stolidly refused to sell out. The end of the proposition was that the last committee which awaited upon her was received in fury, with Mrs. Simpson behind a barricaded door. Upon the table placed before the door were her flatirons, a rolling pin, her kitchen ware, and some crockery, and she made it plain that she would not be slow at using them as projectiles if anybody tried to enter her house. She had no belief whatever in their intentions to do the best by her. A conviction had settled into her mind that they were trying to get her out of town, to do her out of her house and home, and to condemn her and Brick to the county poor farm. And in her mind there was no reason to believe that her shack was not a fitting companion dwelling for the Masonic Temple.

For over a year after this attempt Mrs. Simpson, standing in the doorway of her shack, would glower forbiddingly at most people who passed her door. Her squat figure stood plump down in its doorway ; her teutonic face had a grim suspicious and obstinately fighting expression. Only now and then would that expression relax. For Mrs. Hardcutt, or the Hardcutt children ; for any young men she saw about with Brick ; and for what clients she consented to sew for, though they were few, as she was apt to tell any lady "you ged plump to hell oud of mein house mit yer damned seamstressing. I ain'd a needing to work vor mein living. I god mein place nextto den Temple von der Masonics."

But upon discovering Ike Sorenson asleep and dead to the world with drunkenness upon her coal bags Mrs. Simpson no longer even grunted now. The first time she was distrustful and tried waking him, until she recognized sincere, orthodox, and downright drunkenness, drunkenness that did not waver from its righteous state of intoxication for the glimmer of a second.

After this time she would only glance at him whenever he sought sleep and refuge in her coal shed, and upon going back into the house would comment to Brick, if he was at home "dat fool Svede, he's litted up once more oud on de coalbags." By what instinct Ike, when drunk, knew that Mrs. Simpson's coalshed was permissable sanctuary one can not judge. He never saw her except when he was too drunk to see, and the two of them were never known to exchange a word with each other.

On this killingly hot summer afternoon, the heat lasting till well after five o'clock with most of its repressed volcanic intensity, Dutchie McPherson started to the cow pasture a half mile from the edge of town. He had a job driving the cows of three neighbors to and from pasture every morning and evening. and for each cow he was given fifty cents a week, so that the $1.50 he earned gave him a weekly fortune, to his ten year old mind. Going down Gander Street he felt that the air was cooling a little, but ominously.

Perhaps it would rain, and that would cool things up.

He didn't mind how hard it rained because he was barefoot and barelegged to his knees, with nothing on but a thin and very old shirt and a well worn pair of trousers.

At the edge of town he encountered Ike Sorenson who was staggering down the road, Dutch saw, after his team of horses which had started off without him. The horses were so used to going to Ike's farm with Ike dead to knowledge and ability to guide them, that they doubtlessly believed he was lying in the wagon in a drunken stupor. Dutchie ran after the wagon and stopped the horses until Ike came up. Ike was obstinate. He refused to mount the wagon seat. His three or four hour sleep at Mrs. Simpson's had done little to sober him, and of course he'd drunk more whiskey upon awakening. Dutchie knew there was no use trying to convince Ike in such a state of anything, so tying the horses to a tree by the side of the road, he left Ike, who by now had lain down in the roadside ditch near the wagon. Dutchie philosophically decided that with nobody around to be obstinate with, Ike would probably get into the wagon and drive off.

Heading towards the pasture again Dutchie went down the lane, and in. The three cows, used to him by sight, and knowing the time of day had come up near the gate. They went out immediately, and down the road towards their stables a half of a mile away. Dutchie was sure by the look of the sky that it was going to rain hard ; and even the cows seemed anxious to get home soon. It would probably be a great storm of thunder and lightning. Suddenly the water—not raindrops,—came. Dutchie had never experienced anything like it. There wasn't a drop of water ; there was a torrent falling in masses from the sky for a period of three to five minutes. It seemed that the weight of the water would crush the breath out of him.

As suddenly as the water had come, it ceased. The sun came out, followed by a rainbow, and several reflections of rainbows, across the whole sky's arc. All the road before Dutchie and the three cows, now sleek and drippingly

shiny, was a river through which he must wade, nearly up to his knees in water. He felt dazed. This kind of phenomenon of nature was new to him, though he had known of tornadoes, and cyclones, and had seen a blizzard only the winter before. He was afraid that this might be a prelude to a cyclone which he knew could create fearful havoc. The wind was beginning to whip through the trees so that a frenzy of twisting, bending, and squeaking noises commenced. A cloud went over the sun a minute; the rainbows were gone. He must get home quickly because if the wind came up strong one of the trees along the roadside might break and fall upon him, or on one of the cows.

Within ten minutes, he had the cows in their stables; whereupon he hastened to his own home. The wind was increasing; all of the orchard surrounding his family's house was billowing as though a tidal wave were sweeping through the earth beneath the trees and in the sky above them. He heard a crash and saw that the great old elderwood tree across the road had broken its rotted trunk and was falling rippingly across the roadway. That would be dangerous for teams and automobiles which tried to pass through on this road, but there would probably be none, because for a long distance the sudden rush of water had gushed deep sluiced holes in the road, so that parts of the roadway were as deep cut in as were the ditches on either side.

Not until he'd put on dry clothes and warmed himself by the kitchen fire did Dutchie recall old Ike Sorenson, whereupon he had a great twitch of fear and conscience. What if old Ike was drowned by the rush of water in the ditch where he'd been left sleeping. Or what if the tree to which the horses had been tied had broken and fallen upon them or Ike. Of course the horses would be panic struck, and might have trampled Ike, or dragged the wagon over him in an attempt to break away.

The next day, after the storm had subsided for over ten hours, and the reports of small houses blown in, tree down,

crops trampled by the rain and wind had began to come in, Dutchie found that none of his fears for old Ike had been realized. Apparently old Ike had just feigned sleep yesterday, as always, perverse, and as soon as Dutchie left him climbed into his wagon and drove towards his farm hell-kapluting, because Farmer Graves had seen him galloping his horses down the road shamelessly. So when Mrs. McPherson called up Farmer Pyle, a near neighbor of Ike's, she found that he'd been home by seven o'clock the night before. People were always predicting that Ike would do himself in with drink, or come to a violent death through recklessness, but the predictions had not come through in an eight year period. Some instinct appeared to guide him no matter how blind with liquor he might be.

THE MAKING OF AMERICANS

by GERTRUDE STEIN

VII.

(Continued.)

The thinner sister Pauline Shiller has not so many millions who are just like her. There have been always many millions made just like the mother and the fatter sister Sophie Shiller but there have never been so many millions made altogether like the thinner sister Pauline Shiller.

There have been always many millions made just like the mother and the fatter sister Sophie Shiller. That is there have been always many millions made just like them if they really have nothing queer inside them. Perhaps they have something queer inside them that makes them different from the many millions who have been made just like them.

There have been many millions made just like the mother and the fatter sister Sophie Shiller. That is there are many millions who have been made just like them all excepting the something queer inside them which perhaps made them different inside them from the many millions who have always been made just like them.

Perhaps there was nothing that was really queer inside them. Perhaps it was only from the three of them living together and not meaning much to one another and not meaning very much to any other and so making all together a queer feeling when one felt them together which lasted over to the knowing each one of them. And so one had a feeling that there was something really queer inside them. This was most likely all that they had of queerness in them. They did not have much meaning and the three of them being together and not having much meaning for each other gave one a sense of them that they had something queer inside them. Very likely that was all there was of queerness in them.

The thinner sister Pauline Shiller seemed perhaps to have more of individual being in her. Perhaps that was only because there are not so many millions made just like her as there are many millions made like her mother and her fatter sister. Perhaps that was all the individual being thet she had in her.

Perhaps really the queerness of them came from there not being enough in each one of them to fill out the inside in them and so they did not have much meaning or any power or any sense of appealing.

The thinner one had not really any more meaning than the fatter one or than the mother who had born them. She had a more individual being because she was a thin one and she was one of them who have not quite so many millions made just like them. But even as a thin one she had not enough inside her to really fill her, to really make her important, not inside her, but to any one who came to be about her, she was not filled out enough inside her to give her any power or make any appeal to any one who came near her. The emptiness in her was different from the emptiness that was inside her fatter sister or her mother.

Pauline Shiller had not any fear in her of any one such as her sister had of her. The fatter sister had this fear in her because she was not all filled up inside her and that gave to her all the unprotected surface that she always had on her and that made her have a fear in her, not from anything that was ever done to her, but from all the unprotected surface there was of her. She never knew at any time that she had such a fear always inside her and that made it the more deceiving in her, for one always felt it with her but one never really knew it about her.

The thinner sister had not any such a fear in her as the fatter sister had of her and always inside her. This is perhaps why one has a feeling that there are not so many millions made just like her. Perhaps there are as many millions made just like the thinner sister as there are millions made like the fatter sister or the mother.

The many millions made just like the fatter sister or the mother, each one fills up so much more space than a thinner that one gets the feeling that they are commoner, that there are many more millions of them made fatter than there are millions made thinner, and that these the fatter are made more just alike to one another. It is the unprotected surface of these who are made like the fatter sister, that make them seem more completely just like one another than when they are thinner. It is the uncertain head on the many millions made just like the mother that make them seem to be exactly like each other, a great deal more like one another than any of the thinner, alike as these may be to each other.

The vague fear the fatter one almost always has inside her gives a more common quality to her than any other kind of fear she could have in her. The vague fear that comes from all that unprotected surface of her makes it easier to see in her that she is just like all the other millions who have been made just like her, all the other millions who have the same kind of fear that she has in her. This fear makes it easier

to see a likeness to her than any other kind of fear that she might have inside her.

The thinner sister Pauline Shiller had a fear in her, she had a fear in her and all the many millions who have been made just like her have the same kind of fear as she in her, but it is not from the unprotected surface of her, one does not always feel it when one is with her, it has not then the common feeling that can make it so apparent that there are so many just like her as the fear in her sister makes it to every one that knows her.

The fear the thinner sister had always in her also came from there being not enough inside to fill her, came not from the unprotected surface or the outside of her but from her not being filled out well inside her and so she had the fear in her that always trying to fill up a hole in her without enough to fill it from the being in her without making some other hole inside her, was certain to give to her. This made her without any power, or appeal to any one who was near her. She was always busy inside in her filling up the hole in her from the rest of her and so making another, for there was not enough inside her ever to entirely fill her. Always she was filling up a hole in her and always she was keeping anything from touching her, everything from coming close to her lest it should push an outside hole into her. This made of her that she could never feel a power in any other, she could not believe in any other, she could not concern herself with any other, she could never let any other come close to her, she was always there, not filled up inside her, and that was the whole of her, that always gave a fear to her to be inside her, but a kind of fear that did not make a common person of her, as the fear inside her did with the fatter sister Sophie Shiller. It did not make an individual of her because there was never there a whole of her. She did not know that there was not a whole one of her. This incompleteness of her only made a self-defensive instinct in her, and that was all there was to her, comfort and keeping out of danger was all there was of living to her, and so she had no power in her for she had no power of attacking in her, she had no real power of resisting in her for she was not all together, and it gave her no appeal to any one who came near her because they never could really come close to her, she could not let them touch her lest they should push a hole into her. So it made of her could not come near to any other, or believe in any other, and always she must be concerned with herself and the defense of her lest any one should touch her and make a hole into her.

That was all there was of queerness in her and there are many millions who have been made just like her.

The mother of them was too empty to have any kind of fear inside her. She was without any fear in her either such a one as her fatter daughter had of another or as her thinner

daughter Pauline Shiller had it, lest anything might touch her, that something might make her feel anything inside her.

This was very likely all of queerness that this family of women had in them and it came to be about each one of them because they were three together who had in each of them such an emptiness inside them.

It made a queerness, there being three of them, that every body felt who knew them. Always it was a puzzle to everyone, for they were pleasant enough women as one knew them together and each one of them, they never quarreled with each other, they lived very comfortable there in the hotel together. One never learnt anything about them or against them, nobody gossiped about them, there were plenty of people who knew them and came to see them. Each one of them had their own friends and they always got along very nicely with them, only somehow there was always there this emptiness they had in them. It was a hole that each one had inside in her. It will never be known about them whether they had been made so from the beginning, whether something had been left out in each one of them in the making of them or whether they had lost something out of them that should have been inside in them, something that had perhaps dropped out of each one of them and they had been indolent or fearful or stupid or staring then, each one of them, and they had not noticed such a dropping out of them.

And so one could not come to any certain judgment of them, one could never be sure about them, that they had something queer inside them, or that they were all three of them just like the many millions who have been made just like them.

It is easy to see how this puzzling quality of them would awaken in Mrs. Hersland who was almost always now with them, the always possible almost important feeling that was quiet until then inside her. She always had a feeling for Sophie Shiller but she had no affection for her, Sophie was not in any way important to her, Mrs. Hersland never came to feel any nearer to the mother and the sister Pauline Shiller. She never came to feel certain about them inside her and this not being certain of the kind of judgment which was natural to her, made a beginning inside her of an almost individual feeling, different in her, but not different to her, from the family way of being which had always until then been all there was of living to her.

The only important feeling Mrs. Hersland had in this time of beginning her new living was with the Shillers as I have been saying. After leaving the hotel she never saw much of them. Occasionally she would call on them to show her children. All the Shiller women were always good to them but they were never important to them, there came to be soon very little visiting betwen them and then very soon there was

none. This was the end of the beginning in Mrs. Hersland of the possible almost important feeling.

Always now it kept on growing, a little from her husband in making him do things through her compelling, but mostly from her dependents, the governesses seamstresses servants and the others, the for her poor queer people who soon came to be always around her.

They had lived more than a year in the hotel. David Hersland who was always strong in his beginning commenced then to find the way to his great fortune. Soon he bought the place that was to be for a long time a home to them, in that part of Gossols where no other rich people were living. His children were then very little things or just beginning, his wife had just begun to know some people of the kind it was natural for her to have as friends in her daily living.

Because of the living in the parts of Gossols where no other rich people were living she saw them soon only on occasional formal visiting, the children did not then learn to be accustomed to rich well to do kind of people and their living, the mother lost the habit of going to visit with them, she just lost the habit of normal visiting, of being with them the people who were the natural people to have as friends in her daily living. She lived with her husband and her children and her dependents and for her queer poor people who lived around them in that part of Gossols where no other rich people were living.

And so we go on to the Hersland living and the ideas of education David Hersland had in him to bring up his children that all three came to have inside them important feeling of themselves inside them.

There were three of them and they all three of them came to have inside them their own kind of important feeling. That came from their being of him and from the education he gave to them which made them uneven in them, being of him and mixed up with the wife who bore them, made them uneven as he was always before them uneven like the whole world together that he had in him and so it came that he was uneven as the whole world inside him and around him and so it was that there were weak places in him as there are in the big world which was all him. He was all full up inside him but it was not all the same all through him.

He was all full up inside him and he was a big man and so there was very much in him and of him. He was all full up inside him, there was not much of any way that anything could enter into him.

There was in him the kind of loving that he had for the wife he had chosen to content him and the children who awoke in him a different kind of feeling for each one of them and who were to win through him each one of the three of them a different kind of important feeling each one of them to have inside in them to content them.

The loving David Hersland had in him for his wife was that in some ways she was a flower to him, in some ways just a woman to him. He needed a woman to content him.

The power she had in her sometimes over him was not important to him, that was only a joke to him, what was real in her to him was that some times she was a flower to him and mostly she was just a woman him.

Often she was not important to him and this will come out in him, in her living there with him in the ten acre place away from the living that was her natural way of being.

David Hersland had his way of needing a woman to content him. Each man has in some ways his own need în a woman to content, there are many kinds of men and women and eàch one of them is himself inside him. David Hersland had his way of needing a woman to content him, Herman Dehning had his womàn and she filled up his need in him, and then they both will come to be old men and it will be easier to see in them how they need a woman to content them.

There are not so very many kind of men nor so many kinds of women to content them. One can see this clearer in them when the men are young men or very old ones, then it comes to be clearer in them that they need a woman to content them a woman to be a certain thing to them and that there are not so many different kinds of them, neither of the men, nor of the women who content them. There are though, all the same, a fair amount of different kinds of them and here we begin with one kind of them, with David Hersland and the kind of man he was inside him and the kind of woman he could find to be contenting to him.

Now to begin again with David Hersland and the nature he had in him. As I was saying David Hersland was a big man and a man who was all full up inside and who was very uneven inside him uneven as the world that was all him. He was a big man and there was very much in him and of him. He was all full up inside him. There was not much of any way that anything could enter into him.

A woman had to be a part of the inside in him to content him. She had to have a power in her, to give to him a feeling, or she had to be appealing and so to be a part of the feeling he had inside him. There was not much of any way that anything outside him could enter into him.

A woman to content him could never be outside him, she could never be an ideal to him, she could never have in her a real power for him. With men, outside him, there was for him a need in him to fight with them. A woman could never be for him anything outside him, unless as one who could in a practical way be useful to him as his sister Martha had always been and now she had been useful to him and a marriage for him, had found a wife for him who was pleasing to him, who had come out with him to Gossols to content him. Such a

woman as his sister was for him, was like any other object in the world around him, a thing useful to him or not existing for him, like a chair in his house to sit in or the engine that drew the train the direction in which he needed just then to be going. Such a woman as his sister Martha, as a woman could never be interesting to him, nor any other woman who remained outside him, either when she could give to him an ideal for him or a power in any way over him, not that some women with power in them were not attraction to him, but with such a kind of woman, and he met them often in his living and they had power with him, such a woman always did it for him by entering into him by brilliant managing and so she was a part of him, even though she was apart from him, and so she had power with him. Such a one until he would be an old man and the strength in him was weakening and the things he had in him did not make inside him a completely tight filling and so things outside him could a little more enter into him, until he would come to be an old man and the need in him would come to be more an old man's need of something to complete him, such a one never could come to be a wife to him, could never be a woman to be his wife and content him. He needed such a woman as his sister Martha had found for him, a woman who was to him, inside him and appealing, whose power over him was never more than a joke to him, who sometimes when a sense for beauty stirred in him was a flower to him, whom he often could forget that she was existing, who never in any big way was resisting, and so she never needed fighting, was always to himself a part of him and inside in him, and so in every kind of way she was contenting to him.

Men outside him awoke in him, a need almost always in him, to fight with them. Women could never give him any such feeling to have inside him. It they had a power in them he would brush them away from around him sometimes with men outside him he would in the same way brush them away from before him, but they often then would be stubborn things around him, he could not brush them away from him ; but all women to him if he needed to brush them away from around him, he could so always rid himself of them. If a woman held her power in him it was because of brilliant managing, and so there would not be aroused in him any desire of fighting nor of brushing her away from him. His wife was different to him, she was appealing there inside him, like a tender feeling he had in him. Often she was not important to him, often she was not even existing to him. Sometimes, and this was the rarest thing in him, she filled for him a need to have a sense of beauty in him, then she was a like a flower to him, but this did not happen so very often in him, more often she had a kind of power over him that was only a joke to him, mostly in their living the power she had in her with him did not to himself touch him, it was her managing to have things for the children,

to have her way in small things, sometimes in a big one, but these things never were important to him, and he never knew she felt a power in them, the only power he knew she felt over him was only a joke to him, it could never have any other meaning to him, and that was all there was of the effect she had upon him. Mostly she was pleasing to him, she was a wife who was suited to him, his sister Martha had been right to choose her for him to be married to him, to bear children for him, to go to Gossols with him, to be always, all the years she would be living with him, to be a woman to content him.

He did not need now when he was still a vigorous man and strong in his living, he did not need to have a woman to complete him, he needed a woman only to be pleasing, he needed a woman only to content him. This perhaps would come to be different in him when he would be an old man and weakenning, then perhaps a woman who had power in her for him, a power to hold him by seductive managing, such a woman could then fill up in him empty places made by old age and his weakening and his shrinking away from the outside of him, and he would feel it good to him then to be filled up once more inside him, to feel warm with a full feeling ; and so such a woman then could have power with him then, he would need such a one then to complete him. Now he was a strong man and vigourous in his living and such a woman could arouse him but he would not need to have her in him and he would, when she was too much with him, for he met her often enough in his living, he would brush her away from before him. His wife Fanny Hersland was the woman for him, the wife who was almost always pleasing to him, the one he wanted to content him, she was for him mostly like a tender feeling in him, she was a good woman to him, and useful to do the daily living w th him, with the people around them, and with their three children, she was a good woman in his daily living, the little power she had in her for him was a pleasant joke always to him, the power she had in managing to do things for the children he never noticed as a power she had with him, mostly she was always pleasing to him, sometimes, and this was the rarest thing in him, she filled for him a need in him for pure beauty and then she would be like a flower to him but this came to be more and more rare in him as he grew older and was more filled up with his impatient feeling, then she was hardly enough to content him, always she like a tender feeling in him but more and more as he was full of impatient feeling, she would be lost to him, mostly she would not then be existing for him, the power which was always a pleasant joke to him then had no more existence for him, a little yet sometimes then she might be a flower to him, always when he felt her then she would be inside him like a tender feeling but mostly then she had no existence for him, she was not enough then to content

him, and then she died away and left him, and then the tender feeling was a pain in him, and then she was never any longer an existing thing inside him. More and more he was getting older then and weakening, and shrinking away from the outside of him and more and more then he had not enough even of impatient feeling to completely fill him, and so more then he needed to be filled up inside him and she was not then enough to fill him, she had, too, died away and left him, and soon she was not in him any more, not any more as a tender feeling in him, she had soon then not any more any existence in him, soon he needed much more than she had ever been, to fill him up inside in him.

All this will come to be clear in him in his later living, and now there is the beginning, the three children, the ten acre place where they were living, this father and this mother of them and the dependents and the people living there around them there.

CHRONIQUES

I.

LETTRE DE PARIS

(Réflexions chroniques de "L'apprenti Provincial").

Paris, Autumn.

Paris n'est qu'une île.

Il cause au cœur l'impatience d'une île, entourée d'exil de tous côtés.

Quand l'été vient, ses habitants rêvent de la terre ferme, de la province. Ils y débarquent, avec un beau port de tête, la voix agitée de sommations. La monotonie, pareille à la pluie, pareille au beau temps, les dompte. Ils sentent cruellement leur isolement.

Il doit y avoir un trésor dans l'île pour qu'il s'y jette tant de colons et que tous y aient des mines de prospecteurs. Les provinces l'écrasent de quatre millions d'habitants. Les étrangers en ajoutent deux ou trois cent mille par an.

Escale des voyageurs, proie des provinces, proie des étrangers, Paris règne sur la France et le monde, mais par sa faiblesse, par son impuissance à leur résister. Paris n'est capitale que parce qu'il capitule.

Paris n'est qu'une île.

Les historiens abiment la grâce et les pouvoirs que Paris tient de son isolement complaisant. Ils en font une espèce de Cité dévorante, une Rome.

Si Paris avait été Rome, eût-il suffi à Henri IV, pour le gagner, d'aller à la messe et de promettre aux Parisiens de la poule au pot ?

Les forts ne se sont jamais fiés à Paris. Napoléon y séjournait peu. Avant lui, les rois de France avaient préféré Reims ou Blois : un chef-lieu d'arrondissement, une petite préfecture, cependant. Où le roi soleil, où la royauté divine ? Pas à Paris : à Versailles.

En 1870, les Prussiens, forts en thème, mirent le siége devant Paris, en songeant, sans doute, aux Ostrogoths devant Rome. Gambetta n'eut qu'à monter en ballon et toute la force de la France passa à Tours.

Un général allemand eut la même idée en 1914. Au moment de se précipiter sur Paris, il comprit son erreur et essaya de la rattraper. Trop tard.

Ah ! pourquoi la Révolution française demeura-t-elle si parisienne ? L'anomalie aigrit ses passions, les entreheurta, sur ce petit espace isolé. Les têtes s'effeuillèrent trop vite. Le Directoire rendit, goulument, Paris à sa sincérité. Puis Bonaparte, le Corse, épousseta la table révolutionnaire de son maigre dessert, à l'aide du bonnet provincial de ses grognards.

La IIIe République a grand tort de vouloir être une bonne élève de la Révolution ! Son parisianisme ne lui réussit pas. Un politicien de la IIIe République reste lié à sa province. Qu'il se parisianise et c'est un alliage dans lequel la perversité, demeurant à l'état naïf, circule perfidement à travers mille grosses ruses paysannes.

Les socialistes ont de la malice. Ce n'est pas une mauvaise précaution que d'avoir transporté le foyer de la révolution, aussi loin que possible de Paris, à Berlin, à Moscou ! Précisément, le décret le plus durable qu'ait signé Napoléon Ier fut celui de Moscou. La Comédie Française en vit toujours.

Le mouvement néo-royaliste a pour lui une chance : c'est de le prendre sur un ton de conspiration, essentiellement provincial, et même, paraît-il, provençal.

Pour n'avoir été que la Commune de Paris, la Commune fit long feu. Il suffit au gouvernement de se transporter à Versailles et il l'abattit.

Paris n'est qu'une île.

Le Parisien est, en soi, un être tellement problématique, jouet de la colonisation, que l'on a adopté l'expression de : Tout-Paris, afin d'essayer de lui attribuer quelque consistance indigène.

C'est difficile.

A fréquenter de près les indigènes du Tout-Paris, on s'aperçoit aussitôt qu'ils sont, la plupart, des métis, des quarterons. Habitudes de famille et d'éducation, préjugés, tournure d'esprit, en quoi diffèrent-ils des provinciaux, leurs pères ? Seulement ils possèdent un don d'affublement, si plein de révélation, si exact en ses découvertes qu'il devient un don d'affabulation de toute la vie d'une saison, au point que personne, semble-t-il, ne peut s'en passer. C'est ce qu'on appelle : la mode.

Une aussi curieuse dualité a de quoi surprendre. Elle émerveille. Elle irrite. On n'en saisit jamais tout à fait les proportions. Elle est mystérieuse.

De temps en temps, les colonisateurs, agacés, s'ébrouent :

— "Quoi ! Ces colifichets, agrémentés (car il y a une littérature du Tout-Paris) de quelques nouvelles recettes de dégustation amoureuse. Ces têtes qui sont faites comme les nôtres, auréolées seulement par des chapeaux. Ces corps..."

Pourtant, dès qu'ils regardent ces corps, d'apparence sans ressources ni passions, les colonisateurs sentent bien qu'autour de leurs démarches, de leurs toilettes, ils font mouvoir toutes les passions.

Il arrive que dans le décontenancement d'une pareille irréalité de l'homme et de la femme du Tout-Paris, on se rabatte, pour définir Paris, sur ce qui est moins brillant, plus sérieux, sur ses bibliothèques emplies de travailleurs, sur ses librairies, ses écoles, ses laboratoires.

Hélas ! c'est là que Paris est le moins Paris, c'est là qu'il résiste le moins. Qu'a-t-il pris à tant de jeunes gens révoltés, de fuir les provinces, pour être écrivains à Paris ? Ce n'était pas la peine. Tant qu'à rester au service de la province... Dix mille cabinets de lecture sont aux aguets des éditeurs de Paris. C'est la gloire. L'Académie française n'en demande pas plus. La plus grande revue académique se refuse à toute sauvagerie insulaire. Elle répudie le Tout-Paris. Elle s'appelle la *Revue des Deux Mondes*, comme certains hôtels de province, voisins de pauvres gares qui ont des syncopes.

Admirable lenteur, négligence monachale des savants, inventions miraculeuses faites avec de pauvres moyens, dans des réduits misérables, génies modestes au milieu du resplendissement de la mode. Paris, est-ce toi ?

Ainsi, une extraordinaire composition humaine, fugace et sans substance, saturée de toutes les forces substantielles qui l'investissent, trop peu originale pour y suppléer, mais possédant le privilège de leur donner une enveloppe qui, instantanément, les affine, les anime, les rend rayonnantes : voilà l'île. Il n'y a pas de quoi être une capitale. Ce n'est rien de capital.

Île enchantée, c'est tout. Il n'est que de jeter les yeux, entre six et sept, au milieu du printemps, sur la terrasse du café de la Paix : c'est là que repose et dépose la matière brute, la matière première dont Paris fera ce qu'il sait faire.

Entre insulaires, on se reconnait. Il se peut que, comme Français, les Parisiens détestent les Anglais. Comme insulaires ils aiment leur affairement guindé et plein d'ennui : ils en imitent les façons jusqu'à la manie.

Vraiment ? Paris n'a pas d'autre secret ? L'île surprenante n'a pas d'autre trésor ?

N'est-ce que pour son talent de la parure, de la parade que Paris est nommée : Ville Lumière, Phare du Monde, comme

une idole en cloisonné ? Est-ce toute l'énigme, toute la clé ?

Hantise des rêveries transocéaniques ! Départs des enfances clandestines ! Légèreté inoubliable de la vie, liberté instantanée, aussi facile qu'un caprice.

Que cache Paris, que cache-t-il en ses profondeurs, pour produire une telle illumination ?

Les époques sont inégales. Des années durant, Paris est tout à la mode. On n'y voit rien percer de radieux.

Parmi les enfants prodigues qui s'en vont à la conquête de l'île au trésor, si un grand nombre font retour à leurs mères, les provinces, avec leurs fleurs et leurs couronnes, il en est qui s'engouffrent dans Paris et y disparaissent pour toujours. Les provinces n'entendent plus parler d'eux. Jamais un mot de la renommée. Les familles ont peur de les revoir et tiennent en réserve de l'eau bénite à leur lancer à la face.

Où sont-ils ? sont-ils morts ? On dit qu'ils ont sombré. Le fait est que beaucoup sont morts, autour de leurs vingt ans, à force de tousser, et battre la semelle sur la solitude.

Bats leur rappel, Verlaine, que nous les comptions.

Hors la loi, les mœurs, les lettres. Folies sans importance. Les grands courants tièdes, réglant le climat de l'Ile, sortant des golfes des continents et y rentrant, ne touchaient pas ces brûlants cristaux froids.

Il se trouve, un beau jour, que les bouleversements du monde ont déplacé des sédiments, et déchaussé des assises, dans les arts. Les terroirs de la tradition ont rendu l'âme.

A qui recourir, ô jeunesse ? Qui appeler, pour guides ? Nous ne voulons ni maîtres, ni doctrines. Nous ne voulons plus d'amour savantes, chargées de conseils et de principes. Les berceaux nous ennuient. Nous ne voulons plus être bercés. Nous ne voulons plus être coiffés d'un bonnet de chansons et de préceptes.

Provinces ? Pays étrangers ? Chacun a son berceau, chacun a son bercail, une fois la connaissance faite. Est-ce assez pour qui est las d'étreintes ?

... Et c'est en retournant les vieux matériaux de Paris, c'est en secouant les mannequins de la mode et mettant tout sens dessus dessous, qu'on les découvre : étranges lumières mûries par le silence, les ténèbres et la disgrâce de Paris, foyers prédestinés à ce grand soulèvement, d'avoir été sans aucune destination, et d'être mort-nés longtemps.

Paris, qui n'est qu'une île, pour les survenants, te voici soudain plus immense qu'une ville capitale. Tu crées des tombeaux miraculeux et, aux heures voulues, en surgissent, plus forts que les écoles et les frontières, les indifférents précurseurs.

Henri Hertz.

II.

AND FROM THE UNITED STATES

Hiawatha, Kan.

I have often been asked why we came to Kansas on our wedding trip. We were both homeless and full of energy and love of adventures. Mr. Krebs had been a journeyman in Switzerland and France working at his trade as a slate roofer, mostly tall steeple work. I was making lace and nursing. So when we heard about the wonders of Kansas we thought that was just the place to get us a home. New Philadeplhia, Ohio, is an industrial center, iron and coal were the main products. We had a friend there who bought some land near Baker, Kansas at $13 per acre on the instalment plan. He invited us to join the party consisting of wife and five children and two young men so that made eleven in the family. I was to act as interpreter for they spoke but little English. I was delighted with the idea of seeing real Indians. And the name Hiawatha put on the finishing touch of my dream for our home. We had a quiet wedding at the Reformed Church Parsonage (February 21, 1870) and then got busy packing for the journey. We came by St. Louis, Missouri, the bridge across the Mississippi was just then being built so our train came across on a ferry boat. When we got to Robinson, Kansas, at night we found that the passenger train did not run to Hiawatha yet. So the women and children filled the hack and the men and bigger boys walked. They got lost and they found two hay stacks and crawled in to keep warm. In the morning they found they were on the Maglott farm. And we stayed at the Dan Zimmerman home. I think the house stood where Jake Schilling's house now stands. It was surely an imposition on that family. They packed us in the best they could. In the morning the men came and got busy and took us out to the farm. All the improvements on the place was a two room house with a little garret and a straw stable and a spring of water a long ways from the house. I fell in love with the landscape. But then we got a blizzard, one of the worst kind... The snow drifted and the cold was intense. The men went to town for provisions and the big

boy kept the home fire burning. The house was not plastered so the women and children stayed in bed to keep warm. As I lay in bed I thought how is this for a honeymoon and then I remembered what became of Lot's wife when she looked back. The thing that impressed me most was the big heartedness of the neighbors. George Cushis was our nearest neighbor. He had the rare gift of common sense to take in the situation of our ignorance of how and where to begin our new life. He told us not to try to go to housekeeping before fall. We could not find a house if we wanted to. So we continued making our home with the John Ageters. Mr. Krebs worked at odd jobs and I found plenty to do for Mrs. Ageter was an invalid. That was the place I first met Dr. Bliss and in the course of a year eight other doctors before they discovered that she had a cancer. I found all kinds of interesting people. One family by the name of Bob Francks, to me, were, "Innocence Abroad." The first time I visited them I noticed that the door was hung wrong side up. It seemed to me that everything that man did was upside down. They sent for me one day saying that Bob was very sick. I diagnosed his case that he had eaten too much green corn. His wife said she guessed not, that he had eaten only fourteen ears, that he often ate more and did not make him sick. I said that p- aps she had not cooked them long enough. Bob got w.. . I was called to another place to spend the day and bring my scissors along. She had been doing all the cutting with the razor. I suppose that was the reason that Tom wore a full beard. I cut up all the material she had and we cut the childrens hair which was a long felt need. That was the end of a perfect day. One day I went to help a woman cook for threshers. We killed six chickens. I asked her how she planned to cook them. She said we would fry them ; would not have to clean them so clean. I thought it was time to laugh. One day I went to a house where a man with a big book had come and Mary, the big sister could not make him understand. I asked what the trouble was. He said that he was taking census and that this girl said she was nineteen years old and her father twenty four and she insists that he is not her stepfather. Now I can't transact business with such a report. I took a good square look at him and said : "Reverse the twenty four and you will be all right". "Oh", he said, "is that the way you folks do things?" "Not always for that would make the girl ninety one, see?"

In the fall we rented land from Simeon Baker but we had no house so we bought a log cabin from Dudley Sawyer down near Manville and the neighbors made a moving bee and moved it and helped us get located. Then I dressed up in my best which was a bright green empress cloth dress and a black velvet half length jacket, kid gloves and a hat to match and came to

town to buy furniture. We had a mule team and lumber wagon. It had never dawned on me how ridiculous it was to be dressed that way on such a mission. I was glad that Mr. Krebs did not wear his broadcloth and silk hat. Albert Lawrence waited on me and he did treat me nice. I suppose he thought we had good backing to dress like that. That was the last time I wore that wedding outfit. Some men I met were barefooted and the women wore slat sunbonnets. That was the reason I felt so uncomfortable. The next season we had a good corn and oats crop. I cut some of the tallest and made a straw hat for Mr. Krebs. It had dawned on me by that time that he would never have any more use for his silk hat so I used it for a receptacle for hen's eggs. Corn was ten cents a bushel. We ate, burned and fed corn and I made house-slippers out of the husks and door mats. Our coffee was made out of bran and sorghum molasses and eggs browned to a golden shade. We had cream for it. We soon got used to it. Then we moved to the John Shilling farm south of Hiawatha... That was the grasshopper year. They made a clean sweep and the cholera got most of our chickens. Mr. Krebs worked as a stone mason with Joe Koocher on the Knapp buildin' His brother Christ was with us then. We had a good team of horses. On June 7, 1875 he started to the Padonia mill to get our grist. A big thunder storm overtook him near the Leavit farm and killed him and both horses. We gathered up the few things we had left and traded for two lots and a house in town. In this home our four children, three girls and one boy were born. Those were happy years while they were all in school and I saw that their pathway was strewn with flowers of my own planting. But in 1893 the grim monster disease came and took our boy, in 1895 our youngest and in 1896 the third. Death is not a foe but a friend. It is the end of physical suffering. I had prepared them for their journey and they were ready when the summons came. It is better than the way I was left homeless at the age of twelve in a strange land.

In 1895 within the three tragic years our remaining daughter was married. In order to make the circle complete we sold the piano and bought a granite monument and began all over again. This leaves twenty eight years to bring us up to date.

Elizabeth Krebs.

III.

LETTRE DE BELGIQUE

Brussels : Autumn.

L'automne venu, l'homme des champs s'en va mettre en jugement l'été, lui demander des comptes, ce qu'il a fait pour lui, et récoltes et dégâts.

Je veux entreprendre un travail analogue.

Il s'agit de choses bien différentes, il est vrai, de l'époque contemporaine et de notre littérature. Que paraît faire l'époque de nos qualités artistiques ?

Les étrangers se représentent communément le belge à table cependant qu'il boit, qu'il mange. Les peintres le connaissent dans Jordaens, les lettrés dans Camille Lemonnier, les touristes dans « Manneken-Pis ».

L'exaltation, d'où qu'elle vienne, on l'a expérimenté à la Renaissance comme au temps du Romantisme, devient, si elle se fait belge, devient sanguine, sensuelle.

« Truculent — ripaille — goinfrerie — ventru — mangeaille » — dix contre un je tiens que ces mots isolés, sitôt dits, vous font songer aux belges.

Le travail du ventre, des glandes, de la salives, des vaisseaux de sang, paraît chez eux demeurer conscient, une jouissance consciente.

Traduite en littérature, la joie de la chair fait le plus gros de leurs œuvres. Je rappelle (Lemonnier Camille, Georges Eckhoud, Eugène Demolder.)

Me voici à ma première question.

Notre époque, quels tempéraments de cette sorte a-t-elle en avant ?

Dans toutes les écoles, les enfants apprennent comme est étonnante l'activité belge, que par kilomètre carré, ce pays compte deux cents quarante sept habitants, je ne sais combien d'usines, de gares, d'hôtels, de véhicules, de locomotives, d'automobiles, de champs cultivés, de routes.

Verhaeren fut le poète de cette activité fougueuse.

Mais, depuis Verhaeren? et c'est ma seconde question, quel littérateur notre époque a-t-elle révélé, de cette sorte?

Les deux questions reçoivent la même réponse... Notre époque de sang-froid paraît gêner cette sorte d'expression — et je n'ose citer aucun nom à ces places.

Reste un caractère belge, dont on savourait seulement le ridicule, qui est le caractère « bon enfant, simple, sans prétention ». Maintenant, il lève et fait notre meilleure production.

L'injure à Gand, à Bruxelles, à Louvain, l'injure la plus courante est « stoeffer » qui se traduit de la sorte : homme prétentieux, poseur.

Le belge a peur de la prétention, la phobie de la prétention, surtout de la prétention des mots dits ou écrits. De là son accent, cette fameuse façon de parler le français. Le secret est tel : le belge croit que les mots sont prétentieux. Il les empâte et les étouffe tant qu'il peut, tant qu'ils soient devenus inoffensifs, bon enfant.

Parler se doit faire, pense-t-il, comme ouvrir son portefeuille, en cachant les billets de mille, ou comme signal d'alarme en cas d'accident,— encore parle-t-il avec force gestes, ceux-ci faisant passer le mot.

Le retour assez général à la simplicité qui s'est fait sentir dans les arts, trouve donc les jeunes littérateurs d'ici, merveilleusement disposés, et déjà à l'œuvre. Je pense nommément à *Charles van Lerberge*, tel en 1880, et à cet égard, notre précurseur, comme l'appelle M. Gaston Pulings. Les poètes actuels en Belgique, volontiers, je les appellerais des virtuoses de la simplicité et j'aurais à les citer presque tous.

Une époque, c'est des hommes. Examinons quels ils sont. Deux romanciers excellents : *Franz Hellens*, *André Baillon*, *Franz Hellens*, poète, romancier, critique — son œuvre est d'une diversité rare —Il a écrit de tant de façons — on renonce souvent à le trouver, et on pense : cet homme n'a pas d'appartements, il vit dans les escaliers.

Une imagination telle qu'il n'y en a guère de semblable ; elle part de zéro et court à l'infini. Deux romans extraordinaires : le premier, *Bass-Bassina*, *Boulov*. C'est un être adulte créé de toutes pièces, son intelligence : la *tabula rosa* des philosophes, c'est un morceau de bois sculpté, qui grâce à la magie, tout d'un coup vit et découvre le monde. Poésie primitive. Dans un style malheureusement nègre, j'entends celui où les verbes sont à l'infinitif présent. Le deuxième, *Mélusine*, roman du mouvement. Mélusine est une femme-mouvement. Une

des œuvres les plus extraordinaires qui soient. J'ai coutume de donner à mes amis à lire le premier chapitre de Mélusine, que je tiens pour un chef-d'œuvre. C'est une accumulation de prodiges. Or, le style en est d'une simplicité innocente. L'effet est grandiose, irrésistible.

Viennent de paraître : *Notes prises d'une Lucarne*, sorte de poèmes en prose, avec illustrations de *André Lhote*. *Histoire d'une Mariée*, *Zonzon pépette, fille de Londres*, *En sabots* sont de *André Baillon*, excellents romans réalistes.

L'inspiration, le sujet naît du sang-chaud, de la chair, dont j'ai parlé au début. Mais l'écriture est de sang-froid. Cela est saisissant, net, incisif, rapide, de style bien moderne.

Un roman qui, si l'on ne m'abuse, paraîtra incessamment le *Cavalier seul* de *Hermann Closson*.

C'est, en deux cents pages, l'analyse d'une demi-heure de promenade, celle d'un jeune homme marchant à côté d'une jeune fille.

Quant à la longueur, il s'inspire de Proust. Quand au style, c'est le sien. Peu de phrases, des associations d'images, des visions picturales, des termes scientifiques, allure de formulaire et de c. q. f. d. — (*ce qu'il* fallait démontrer) en un mot, un genre nouveau : l'essai-roman.

Pour mémoire : *T. Serstevens* et *Van Offel*.

Les poètes ne se comptent plus. Je ne suis pas éloigné de croire qu'il en naît un tous les vingt-quatre heures.

En général, ils sont d'un gabarit fort influencé de France, et de J. Cocteau. Ils sont souvent d'une simplicité plus réelle, plus « cartes sur table ». Là, toutefois, est pour eux un inconvénient, qui n'est pas mince.

Rapidement, ils tombent dans une banalité et une platitude, et le relâchement de la langue. Le Dictionnaire de *Henri van de Putte*, en est un exemple.

Sont à citer : *Purnal René*, auteur de *Cocktails* et *René Verboom*, poète très vigoureux, *Malot du Dy*, Henri van de Putte, *Eric de Haulleville*, *Robert Guiette*, *Kochnitshy*, *Marcel Lecomte*, *Paul Neuhuys*, *Gaston Pulings*, *Camille Gœmans*, *Paul Vander-Borght*.

Hellens apporte dans ces poèmes les mêmes qualités qu'à sa prose.

Paul Fierens, le plus musical de nos poètes.

O. I. Périer (*le Combat de la neige et du Poète*), *Notre mère la ville*.

De lui parut aussi le « Citadin », poèmes d'une pureté de langue sans exemple à Bruxelles et rare partout.

Il recherche le manque de recherche, si je puis dire. C'est ainsi que, s'il chante, ce sera l'amitié, ou un verre d'eau glacée

s'il interpelle, ce sera sa pipe à qui il dit aimablement : "Je vous saisis entre mes doigts et vous bourre de foin et d'air".

Pierre Bourgeois (8o *compositions lyriques*), la *foi du doute* : un effort nouveau et violent, et un tempérament.

Mais son sujet vous désarçonne.

Des lignes, des losanges, des cubes, des trapèzes, les méridiens, la symétrie, les pavés, les cercles, les hypothénuses, les perceptions, l'affirmation, la négation, les machines, la géométrie, l'architecture. Ces matériaux d'émotions musculaires ou cérébrales, il les manie dur, violemment, en têtu.

Camille Goemans (Periples) :

Son sujet est tragique. Le disant, j'étonne tout le monde, je le sais. Il note des associations morbides, mais, il le fait comme s'il s'agissait d'un inventaire à propos de meubles : telle chaise cassée, tel vase ébréché, et le tapis usé.

A tort, comme poète, on a parfois jugé *Henry Michaux*. De celà sont cause ses *Fables des origines*, fables en huit lignes. S'il avait pu les écrire en 6 mots, il n'eut pas manqué de le faire. Poésie, s'il y a, c'est le minimum qui subsiste dans tout exposé humainement vrai. Il est essayiste. De lui encore, le *Rêve et La Jambe*, essai philosophique, style abrupt, elliptique comme son titre.

Le théâtre belge actuel, s'il ne comptait qu'une œuvre et qu'un nom, pourrait prétendre à une des premières places des théâtres contemporains ; il suffit que ce nom soit *Fernand Crommelynck*, que l'œuvre soit le *Cocu magnifique*. De lui également : *Marchand de regrets* et le *Sculpteur de masques* où, mêlée à l'influence de Maeterlinck, on voit la psychologie outrancière de ses personnages.

Le « cocu magnifique » est une pièce psychologique s'il en fût.

C'est l'histoire d'un sentiment.

Ce sentiment part de zéro et monte jusqu'à la monomanie, c'est le départ brusque de toute la sensibilité dans une seule direction. Au premier acte, la jalousie n'existe pas, tellement que le héros découvre le sein de sa femme en présence de ses amis pour en faire apprécier la beauté.

Au dernier acte, il invite tout le village dans le lit de sa femme pour boire son saoul de jalousie et détruire l'appréhension qu'il a de l'amant inconnu.

Il est à propos de savoir que la Belgique possède des revues littéraires très nombreuses. L'activité de la *Lanterne Sourde*, dirigée par *Paul Vander Borght*, du *Disque-vert*, dirigé par *Franz Hellens* est considérable.

Henry Michaux.

IV.

EDITORIAL

Paris, Armistice Day.

On a windy night last week any traveller blown along the Parnassian heights of Paris might have observed, setting out from a flaring hostelry, a Band bearing ropes and illuminated by their own torches. The names of their leaders will be found on our covers ; from their upraised voices you would have known that they were about to burn down this Office and that from those ropes, suspended sixty feet above the Seine and the conflagration, should dangle... Ourselves. That was because last month we dared to print certain Regular Poems... What became of that Band we do not know. From the other side of the street we watched them until they became entangled with a band of openmouthed British tourists : it was also Guy Fawkes day!... Or the reflection may have occurred to the leaders that if they then burned this building and hanged ourselves their names probably would not—as they do—this month adorn our covers. At any rate the Seine still flows before our grey doors and our necks feel normal.

That is how the course of Literature makes its way. When we are gathered to Anatole France the happy band who are now the crew of this periodical shall issue a pamphlet called *A Rotten Corpse* and so dance upon our remains. That is proper. In the meantime to celebrate the season of the birth of our redeemer we issue what we will as irritatingly as possible style a Children's Number, with Mr. Havelock Ellis, Miss Stein and ourselves parentally to gaze upon the firelit revels. Of our December writers, as far as we know Mr. Shipman, Mr. Donald Stewart, Jean Rhys and Mrs. Elma Taylor have not before been published, Mr. Asch, Mrs. Williams Ellis and Mr. Ivan Beede made their first appearances as imaginative writers in these columns and in these columns Mr. McAlmon, Mr. Hemingway and Mr. J. J. Adams made their first appearances before an International audience. If Mr. D. M. Garman, Mr. Kennon Jewett, Mr. Geoffrey Coulter, Mr. Carlos Williams, Mr. Carlos Drake, Mr. Krebs Friend do not also appear together with Miss Djuna Barnes, Miss Hannah Berman and Miss

Mary Butts it is only because of distances from Paris, the nature of the Irish Free State postal services, unavailability of short enough manuscripts or mislaid addresses—at any rate it is not due to any policy of editorial exclusion.

That then is the Movement...*a* Movement. And with a very definite complexion, so that, looking back the record seems remarkably satisfactory. If a reader, being a man of good will, is questioned as to what good work is being done by, or what promise there is, in the young man of today he has only to cite the names above... Astonishingly satisfactory! For this is evidence that all over the Anglo Saxon World from the West Middle West of the United States to the West Middle West of the London suburbs there is in motion a very definite creative impulse that is pretty well kindred throughout, and that is pretty well akin to the larger world movements. We have tapped as it were substrata in a great many parts of the world to find very much the same tide in motion everywhere. And we have not—at any rate consciously—done anything to falsify the issue. If the well-machined story of the Maupassant-Tchehov-O.Henry school has been absolutely absent from our numbers it is not because we have set our faces against the well machined story, it is simply because the machined stories that have reached us have not been well enough done for publication. Not nearly well enough done. There has been literally nothing to reach us that came anywhere near even a standard of publication as a specimen of an art. Yet we can assure rejected contributors that not one single manuscript has entered our office that was not read at least three times by ourselves in the effort to find promise, and that was not in addition read once or twice by one or other of our assistants.

And it is from our rejections almost more than from our choices that we can form a judgment as to what is happening to the young who desire to write. Generalising a good deal we may put it that the standard of execution is considerably higher in the United States in selected instances than is the case in England. The American in fact has a great deal more curiosity as to form than the Englishman and curiosity as to form will lead a young man to find himself much the sooner. On the other hand, from a great bulk of English manuscript that was only just not good enough to print, the conclusion forced itself upon us that the English young writer is the less arrogant and in consequence the more sincere. The young American suffers much less from bad models since he is a pioneer, the young Englishman much more from the ill-effects of class and of the worst possible models.

Class is a very difficult thing to write about since one is afraid of giving offence, but, without mentioning that phenomenon it is almost impossible to be understood when we say that almost exactly the same thing is happening in England as is happening in the United States. England of course is smaller with a smaller population but just as the United States with writers like Mr. Beede, Mr. McAlmon or Mrs. Elma Taylor a territorial stratum of the population—the large-scale agricultural—has occupied itself in recording life so in England a class, largely that of the children of the operative, has acquired a very great and a very sincere literary consciousness. And its sincerity is due to the fact that it is lacking in the uneasy class-consciousness that for so many decades has vitiated English literary life. For that writer cannot very sincerely give a projection of the world around him whose first motive for writing is to prove that he belongs to the upper middle classes and has their standards resources, inhibitions and prejudices.

We set out then a year ago—really of course considerably more than a year ago—with two main objects in view: We desired to promote greater cordiality in international relationships so that the arts might work in a better atmosphere and we desired to provide a place for publication for such sincere commencing authors as the world might hold. As to who these were we had at that date no idea for as far as we can remember we did not know even one of the contributors whose names we have above given. Today international relationships are infinitely more cordial and a whole body of new creative work has manifested itself. Whatever may be the case with international relationships, we can congratulate ourselves on the fact that without the *transatlantic review* that creative work would in all human probability have had to wait a great deal longer for its expression. For the reader should remember that literary work does need publication to be persevered in and should remember that the *transatlantic review* is the only organ in Anglo-Saxondom that performs this particular function on a large scale and over a large space of the earth's surface. Mr. and Mrs. Krebs Friend and those other ladies and gentlemen therefore who have aided us in this work have performed a service to humanity far greater than that they perform when aiding, let us say, at the polls one or other of the hard-faced gentry who profess this or that political belief; whilst those who have hindered us have been fulfilling functions at least as nugatory but certainly more flagitious than those of Mrs. Partington.

Our hindrances naturally have been many whether in the United States or in France; Great Britain has offered us no more resistance than that of an immense inertia, nevertheless

the material results have not been depressing. Of readers in Great Britain we have secured about four per million inhabitants, this being about what we had expected ; in France the total is about double for about 1/800th of the Anglo-Saxon population. We may therefore make the calculation that the Anglo-Saxon resident of the continent of Europe is about sixteen hundred times as intelligent as the Briton at home whilst the French Press and public if slightly bewildered have been extremely sympathetic. On the other hand the Company Law of France has so bewildered us that continually we have been on the point of being brought to a standstill. According to our statistics the inhabitants of the United States should, at home, be about five times as intelligent as the population of Great Britain for America has consumed almost ten times as many copies of the *transatlantic review* as have Great Britain and Ireland for a population about double the size. This again is about what we had expected. What we hadn't is that whilst over twenty thousand copies of the review have vanished into the American Scene not one single centime has returned to us. Great Britain has paid for all her copies ; France for about ninety per cent of hers ; the rest of the inhabited globe from the South Seas to Jerusalem and round again has actually paid for rather more copies than it has received whilst even the Green Island has paid for nearly twenty-five per cent of the copies it has consumed.

If we had reflected upon it this is what we might have expected. For the superiorly active intelligence of the American which fits him to lead in the consumption of good literature and in the world's markets lets him be peculiarly fitted, in his Business incarnation, to lead in the great world game of procuring Something for Nothing. In the case of the *transatlantic review* this Tradition has been carried to great heights. We believe that even William Penn when persuading the aborigines to part with their territories gave at least a few beads for a dominion somewhat larger than the United Kingdom. His more efficient descendants, harder still in the face, have secured enough paper to cover a country, covered in turn with the emanations from the thoughts of many minds, the whole being put together at the expense of, really, no small labours... for less than in Birmingham would purchase one bead of glass. For, in fact, nothing at all. It is the achievement of a dominant race.

In the circumstances however we cannot be expected to proceed along these lines. It was a privilege no doubt to the original naked owners to provide Penn or the Pilgrim Fathers with house-room ; and it remains a privilege for us European aborigines to pour, as if into another devastated region, the

refreshing fruit from the minds of, mostly American, writers. But a limit arrives beyond which the force of nature can no further go and we are forced whilst making other arrangements in the United States to suspend the appearance of this review for a short period. In the meantime a—really very hard faced!—member of our staff is speeding to his native country to see if diamond can still cut diamond; and we shall occupy ourselves with the study of French Company Law. Then once more, towards the spring, the *transatlantic review* will resume its tranquil voyagings.

COMMUNICATIONS

I

NON HONORES...

To the Editor, The Transatlantic Review.

Sir,

My attention has been called (for according to a sacred convention one never sees these personal things in any publication one's self, even though one is a regular reader) to an exceedingly gross exaggeration in a letter in the *transatlantic review* which purports to record Paris fashions. The paragraph about myself has been copied into newspapers... It is stated that "Mr. Huddleston, the English journalist and author, is charmingly carrying out the season's color note by his Legion of Honor *(sic)* button, which has just been cleaned."

I am prepared to give you the benefit of the doubt : I am willing to believe that you intended no base libel ; but in the alternative I am reluctantly obliged to suppose that you are not the Great Editor you have been cracked up to be and that your eagle eye does not fall on every proof. Will you please inform your incompetent and imaginative subordinate :

1. That I had no deliberate thought of striking a color note in fashion ;
2. That I have not sent my Legion of Honor button to the dry cleaner's ;
3. That I have never possessed and never shall possess the Legion of Honor or any other national decoration in a country in which I perform journalistic duties.

Everyone to his taste : there are those who like decorations just as there are those who like pink hair. But without reflecting upon others, I will only say that were I ever again to be Editor (which Heaven forfend!) I would promptly sack any correspondent who as correspondent accepted a national decoration.

Think, I pray you, how you have shocked my friends, rejoiced the hearts of my enemies, and given the indifferent cause to cry : "Who the dickens *is* Huddleston, and *why* is he decorated, and what *right* has he to set such a deplorable fashion?"

Besides, in the matter of color notes, I detest the red of the Legion of Honor and greatly prefer the purple of the Palmes Académiques.

Yours more in sorrow than in anger.

Sisley Huddleston.

Paris, November 2, 1924.

II

To the Editor, The Transatlantic Review

Dear Sir,

In your November number, you print a communication from Mr. George Antheil in which that young man refers to me as one of those persons who accused him of having imitated Strawinsky. The allegation is entirely untrue. The charge I made in the *Paris Times* against Mr. Antheil was not that he imitated Strawinsky's music, but that he photographed it.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

Arthur Moss.

November 3, 1924

JOSEPH CONRAD: A PORTRAIT

by

FORD MADOX FORD

PART I.

"C'EST TOI QUI DORS DANS L'OMBRE..."

V

(continued)

As to biography during the next few years the writer becomes hazy. Conrad himself perhaps wished to throw a haze over a part of his life that was for him a period of indecisions. At one time he would say that he had determined to go to sea, years before, when first reading Marryatt; at another that a blaze of desire sprang up in him on sight of that British schooner with the emotional lines of her hull; at one time that he rushed back to Poland to communicate his decision to his uncle; at another that he finished the Grand Tour on the conventional lines but arguing with his tutor and at last finally breaking very gradually the news to his uncle. His uncle thought him mad: there need be no doubt about that: no Poles had ever gone to sea: all Poles had always been lawyers: Conrad must not go to sea but must study for the law. At the university of—was it?—Lemberg.

Conrad at any rate went to Marseilles, and entered the French navy. By the influence of his uncle — the Poles have always had great influence in the Chancelleries and ministries of Europe—he was granted a commission in that service. In it he remained an indefinite time, leaving with the rank—he was specific as to that—of *Lieutenant de Torpilleurs de la Marine Militaire Française*. During that time, on the French flagship *Ville d'Ompteda*, he had witnessed the bombardment of a South American town. The town comes back to the writer

as Caracas : but apparently Caracas is inland so the flagship can hardly have bombarded it. Perhaps Conrad went with a landing party inland to that capital. In that way he saw the landscape of the track to the silver mine of *Nostromo*.

There followed the period of sailor-ashorishness in Marseilles with the Buonapartist aristocracy. After the episode of the unvarnished coach loaded with actresses Conrad telegraphed to his uncle to come and pay his debts and embarked on his Carlist adventure. This is told sufficiently as Conrad used to tell it by word of mouth, in the episode of the *Tremolino* in the *Mirror of the Sea*. When taking this episode down Conrad's dictation—as indeed when taking other of his personal recollections down from dictation at times when Conrad was too crippled by gout or too depressed to write—the writer noticed that Conrad sensibly modified aspects and facts of his word of mouth narrations. The outlines remained much the same, the details would differ.

As told by Conrad—and the writer must have heard all Conrad's stories five times and his favourite ones much more often—the Carlist adventure was as follows : At the date of his leaving the French service the Carlist War was being desultorily waged in the North of Spain. (The Carlists were the supporters of Don Carlos, the legitimist Pretender to the Spanish throne.) The cause of the Carlists sufficiently appealed to Conrad : it was Legitimist ; it was picturesque and carried on with at least some little efficiency. It offered at any rate a chance of adventure. In company with like-minded friends, then, Conrad set to work at providing rifles for the army of the Pretender. They purchased a small, fast sailing ship—the *Tremolino*, beautiful name. And of all the craft on which Conrad sailed this was the most beloved by him. In our early days her name was seldom off his tongue and, when he mentioned her, his face lit up. Nay, it lit up before he mentioned her, the smile coming, before the name, to his lips.

The writer never heard, in those days, what make of ship she was. He was expected to know that : Conrad would say : "You know how the Tremolino used to come round..." So the writer imagined her as a felucca, with high, bowed, white sails against storm-clouds and rust-coloured cliffs. She was the beautiful ship—as Turgenev was the beautiful Russian genius.

Pacing up and down Conrad would relate how they ran those rifles. The method was this : They would load the *Tremolino*, at Marseilles, with oranges, bound ostensibly for Bordeaux or any up-channel port. Thus, "If any Spanish gun-boat accosted us we would have a perfectly good bill of lading.

Out in the Channel we would meet a British schooner and throwing the oranges overboard we would load up with rifles..." Those particular sentences, with the slightly unusual use of the word "would", Conrad never varied... He would have begun his story, unemotionally, with such historic explanations as his hearer seemed to need. Then he would come to the *Tremolino* and his face would light up. This emotion would last him for a minute or two. At, as it were the angle where Spain turns down from France in the Mediterranean, as if the *Tremolino* had got thus far and was just going through the blue water with her burden of oranges, he would render his voice dry to say either : The method was this..." Or : "Our modus operandi was as follows..." And then, after taking a breath : "Out in the Channel we..." He would then go on to explain the necessities they had when making that landfall. "You could bribe any Spanish guarda costa on land with a few pesetas or a bottle or two of rum..." but the officers of the gunboats that patrolled the coast were incorruptible...

"So one night the landlord of the inn omitted to shew the agreed on light. He was drunk. In the morning we saw a Spanish gunboat steaming backwards and forwards in the narrow offing. The bay was a funnel, like this... We ran the *Tremolino* on a rock, set fire to her. Swam ashore and got some up country clothes for a disguise and got back to Marseilles as best we could. Penniless. Without a penny".

In telling these stories Conrad would thus occasionally duplicate his words, trying the effect of them. Then we would debate : What is the practical, literary, difference between : Penniless and : Without a penny. You wish to give the effect, with the severest economy of words, that the disappearance of the *Tremolino* had ruined them, permanently, for many years... Do you say then, *penniless*, or *without a penny*?... You say *Sans le sou* : that is fairly permanent. *Un sans le sou* is a fellow with no money in the bank, not merely temporarily penniless. But "without a penny" almost always carries with it : "in our pockets". If we say then "without a penny", that connoting the other : "We arrived in Marseilles without a penny in our pockets"... Well, that would be rather a joke : as if at the end of a continental tour you had got back to Town with only enough just to pay your cab-fare home. Then you would go to the bank. So it had better be "penniless". That indicates more a state than a temporary condition... Or would it be better to spend a word or two more on the exposition ? That would make the paragraph rather long and so dull the edge of the story...

It was with these endless discussions as to the exact incidence of words in the common spoken language—*not* the literary

language— that Conrad's stories always came over to the writer. Sometimes the story stopped and the discussion went on all day ; sometimes the discussion was shelved for a day or two. There were words that we discussed for years. One problem was, as has already been hinted at : How would you translate *bleu-foncé* as applied to a field of cattle cabbage : the large Jersey sort of whose stalks varnished, walking sticks are made? Or *bleu-du-roi*? And again, what are the plurals of those adjectives in French—as a side issue... That problem we discussed at intervals for ten years—the problem of the field of cabbages, not of course the plurals... Now, we shall never solve it...

Conrad then, again telegraphed to his uncle to come and pay his debts... The writer used to have a great uncle whose one expedient in life was to take a cab. One day this gentleman, walking past Exeter Hall, met a lion. Exeter Hall in the 'sixties' was a menagerie. When he was asked : "What *did* you do?" he would reply in tones of mild disgust at the questioner's want of savoir faire : "*Do*? Why I took a cab!..." In the same way Conrad used to telegraph to his uncle to pay his debts and to come to Marseilles to do it!

He embarked in a French Messageries steamer as a hand before the mast and, as has been said, made one voyage to Constantinople, seeing tents on the hills above the European city. He returned to Marseilles. Perhaps his uncle had not yet arrived to pay his debts or did so only just after. Or perhaps he came three times to Marseilles. Conrad used occasionally to let drop that, as the writer knew, he had run through three fortunes in his life. At any rate the image remaining to the writer is that, as Conrad sailed away, a ship's boy, in a British brig bound for Lowestoft, Pan Paradowski stood on the edge of the Cannebière, lamenting, like a great land lion, lamenting on the brink of the water his beloved, ugly duckling of a nephew who should have become a seal... A sea lion...

VI.

Lowestoft has always seemed to the writer to be a queer, bleak, whitewashed little old place from which to begin the conquest of a language, a conspiracy against a literature, a career of fame that became world-wide. It used at any rate to be all that : queer, bleak, whitewashed, with flagstaffs, coast-guards, high skies and north-east wind. The writer must have been there first at the age of five or six, and, by stretching a point or so and ignoring a couple of years, we used to arrive

at the theory that coincidence had brought us together thus early. That cannot actually have been the case. When Conrad first heard or spoke an English word the writer cannot have been much more than three : so we may be said to have learnt grown up English in about the same year... But we used to keep a slight haze over our respective ages. Conrad was a little sensitive about his years, towards forty five, and the writer did not then care.

Besides, Conrad liked coincidences—in our playtime. He liked to amuse himself with resemblances between himself and other great men — Johnson collected orange peel and dried it. So at one time Conrad had done. Or he would find in memoirs accidental traits of resemblance between himself and Napoleon, Louis XVIII, Theophile Gautier or General Gallifet. He would look up from his book and read the passage out with hilarious pleasure. He liked as has been said to think that at one of the Chippendale desks that we had at the Pent Christina Rossetti had written and at another, given to the writer's father as a wedding present, Carlyle who was its donor. He would say that *Heart of Darkness* was written on the same wood as

> Rest, rest, a perfect rest,
> Shed over brow and breast,
> Her face is towards the West,
> The peaceful land.
> She shall not see the grain
> Ripen on hill and plain,
> She shall not feel the rain
> Upon her hand...

—and the *End of the Tether* before the glass bookshelves that had seen Carlyle write the *French Revolution*. It did not matter that Christina wrote most usually on the corner of her washstand or that Carlyle had bought the desk at a second hand dealer's in the street next Tite Street, Chelsea. It made indeed no difference that he disliked the work of Carlyle or thought Christina the greatest master of words in verse. The lines just cited were the only —English poetry that the writer ever hear Conrad quote. He had literally no ear for English verse... But there *Heart of Darkness* had to have been written, and there the poem ; here the *End of the Tether*, and here *The French Revolution*... It was like building retrospective castles in Spain : it was squeezing the last drop out of the subject.

So with our coincidental careers. The coincidences had to be there for moments of elation. The writer, after our visit to Mr. Wells, happened to ask whether the great storm in which Conrad had come up channel for the first time had been identical with the great gale that had wrecked the *Plassy*. And immediately it had to be. It could not have been by

seven years or so. But it *was*... For the rest of our lives it had to be. It shall. So with Lowestoft. Conrad could bring himself to remember there a little boy with long, golden hair, a bucket and a spade who used to march up to the young ableseamen and ask him questions in an unintelligible tongue... And indeed, in moments of *great* effusiveness, patting the writer on the shoulder, Conrad used to assert that it was one of the writer's books, seen on the bookstall of Geneva railway station, that had first turned his thoughts to writing as a possibility. That *might* indeed have happened. But one detail of Conrad's narration was too much for the writer's bibliophilic prudishness —though he would connive at any time at the twisting of manageable years between two friends. But several times before the discovery of this immense coincidence Conrad had related how he had stood on Geneva railway platform, looking at the bookstall and idly wondering what he was going to do next with life. He had been recovering from an illness in the same hydrotherapie as that in which Maupassant died. Another coincidence! He had seen a row of small, canary yellow—remember the canary yellow—volumes. They were the books of the *Pseudonym Library* that Mr. Garnett had fathered—about the colour and not much larger, they were than a packet of Maryland cigarettes at 1 fr. 50. But they were famous throughout Europe. There was no railway bookstall on which you did not find them... And looking at them Conrad said : "Why should I not write, too?..." The writer's third book had been published in that very year, fathered too by Mr. Garnett, issued by the same firm in a series called the *Independent Library*... It might very well have been on the boosktall, the series having been intended for foreign circulation. There was nothing to make the thing inherently even improbable... Alas! The writer's work was bound in a sort of decayed liver-colour : the most hideous that the writer has ever even imagined. "So it couldn't be me", as the old mare said. But nothing would have pleased Conrad's generous and effusive moods better than to claim the writer as his literary godfather. He was like that.

Years later, the writer having landed in this country at Rouen, it occured to him as his heel struck the quay : Conrad began to write *Almayer's Folly* in the state-room of a ship moored in this very port. When he looked up from his desk, through the porthole he used to see the inn at which Emma Bovary met her lover. Is that then this very spot? Do I then begin where Conrad began that other battle?... In an interval the writer asked Conrad whether these spots could be coincidental. He at once began to be very animated on a drooping occasion : "Yes, Yes," he said. "Opposite the very spot... Two doors to the left of the road that goes up to the Poste Centrale... My dear Ford... The very spot". That coincidence the writer will not attempt to disturb.

Conrad landed, then, at Lowestoft when the writer was about three and Conrad himself not much more than twenty : the writer is fairly certain, in 1877. Here he heard his first English words, to recognise them. They were : "Eggs and bacon or marmalade?". Sitting in the bar of a public house he had been taken to by an old gentleman who eventually invited him to stay. Every morning at breakfast the old gentleman uttered the above morning shibboleth of England and then went to his business. He was the proprietor of the famous Lowestoft pottery works so eventually Conrad served his time as a Boy on a brig owned by the pottery proprietor. It made fortnightly voyages to Newcastle for coal needed by the pottery. In such coastwise service he passed the time necessary for him to become by turn A.B., second mate and master. He became a naturalised British subject just before passing for master...

It was during all these years that he read. Men at sea read an inordinate amount. During the watches when they are off duty they can, if they are so minded, sit about by the hour with books, engrossed, like children. A large percentage of the letters received by writers from readers come from sailors either in the King's or the merchant service. Conrad had a great many such correspondents : one of his own, a naval officer, the writer curiously shared with Conrad. As each of our books came out he would write to its author, from off Gibraltar, from the China seas, from some Pacific station—very good letters. He seemed to have no idea of any relationship between his two addressees but as he never gave the name of a ship neither of us ever wrote to him. His letters ceased after 1914.

It was Conrad's good luck to be spared the usual literature that attends on the upbringing of the British writer. He read such dog-eared books as are found in the professional quarters of ship's crews. He read Mrs. Henry Wood, Miss Braddon—above all Miss Braddon!—the *Family Herald*, rarely even going as high as the late William Black or the pseudo-literary writers of his day. He once or twice said that going down Ratcliffe Highway he was jumped out at from a doorway by a gentleman who presented him with a pocket copy of the English bible. This was printed on rice paper. He used the leaves for rolling cigarettes, but before smoking always read the page. So, he said, he learned English. The writer has always imagined this story to be one of Conrad's mystifications. Normally he would express the deepest gratitude to the writers of the *Family Herald*—a compilation of monthly novelettes the grammar of which was very efficiently censored by its sub-editors—and above all to Miss Braddon. She wrote very good, very sound English ; machined her plots inoffensively and well ; was absolutely workmanlike, her best novels being the later

and less known ones. Long after this period of seamanship Conrad read *The Orange Girl*, a novel placed in the time of Charles II. He recognised in it, so he then said, all the qualities that he had found in this novelist's work when he had been before the mast. Miss Braddon learned Greek at the age of eighty in order to read Homer in the original. She died only very lately.

From that time, for ten years, Conrad followed the sea. The deep sea, reading all sorts of books. Once an officer with quarters of his own he resumed his reading of French along with the English popular works. He read with the greatest veneration Flaubert and Maupassant ; with less, Daudet and Gautier ; with much less Pierre Loti. Tormented with the curiosity of words, even at sea, on the margins of the French books he made notes for the translation of phrases. The writer has seen several of these old books of Conrad, notably an annotated copy of *Pêcheur d'Islande*—and of course the copy of *Madame Bovary* upon the end papers and margins of which *Almayer's Folly* was begun.

Of Conrad's deep-sea life the writer proposes to say next to nothing. Intimately mixed up as he was with the writing of so many of Conrad's sea-stories he could not disentangle to his own satisfaction which version of a semi-autobiographic story, like *Heart of Darkness*, was the printed story, which the preparation for the printed story, as Conrad told it to the writer, which the version that Conrad told for the pleasure of his hearers and which was, as it were, the official autobiographic account. Occasionally, as in his account of his meeting with Roger Casement on the fringe of the bush outside Boma, Conrad would turn to the writer and say : "You'll keep that, *mon vieux*, for my biography...", speaking semi-jocularly.

However, by a curious fatality, during the late war the writer happened to come across a largish body of writing in the form of letters written by Conrad from aboard ship to a compatriot. By Conrad as politician, not as seaman! It was precisely a body of writing since each of the letters was a sort of essay on international politics and it was curious in that it was to all intents and purposes completely uninteresting. It was in a sense passionate in that it was filled with aspirations that Great Britain should join in one combination or another against Russia. She was to join Germany, Austria, France—any one, so long only as she fought the Bear. But all these letters were written with a fluency such that, had they come before the writer editorially he would at once have thrown them into the waste-paper basket. It was as if Lord Macaulay had been writing leaders for a popular paper... Before that one of Conrad's relatives, had shewed the writer a number of letters that Conrad

had written to the *Indépendance Belge*. These were quite another matter—admirably written, intensely emotional. As if Pierre Loti had had some heart! They had in fact, as is to be expected a great deal of the body and substance of *Heart of Darkness*.

At both of these documents however the writer did no more than glance. The lady had treasured up as cuttings her nephew's correspondence and, when Conrad was out of the room, presented the bundle to Conrad's *ami le poete*. He read them for perhaps half an hour before Conrad came in again : then their author exhibited so much perturbation that the writer desisted. The probability is that Conrad burned the bundle... It was very similar with the other letters. They were lent to the writer by their addressee at a time when the writer was extremely occupied ; he glanced at them for long enough to form the opinion expressed above and then put them away. Before he had had time to look at them again it occured to him that Conrad might prefer him not to read them. He accordingly wrote to Conrad and received the answer that Conrad would extremely prefer that the letters should not be re-read and the author returned them to their owner. It is to be hoped that they will not be disinterred.

It should not be inferred that Conrad had anything to hide. He disliked the writer's reading his early works out of the shyness that attends the maturity of every author. This writer would give a good deal if the shelf in the British Museum that contains his early writings could be burned and Conrad would occasionally say that the idea of the writer or anyone else reading certain of the stories of the *Outpost of Progress* or even certain paragraphs of his later work caused him to have chair de poule all down his spine. It is like a feeling of physical modesty.

However in moments more robust he would declare that the articles in the form of letters were remarkable productions. He would remind the writer of his aunt's expressed opinion that those letters formed magnificent prose : and in moments of depression over his then work he would declare that what he had written in French before ever trying English was infinitely above anything he could do in the inexact, half-baked language that English was. He put it that the idea of really *writing* English—an English that should have an abiding value—never appeared to him practical whilst he was at sea. He would write essays and long letters with the idea of improving his vocabulary for social occasions. Then, one day, writing an imaginary letter to the *Times* about some matter professional to the British Mercantile Marine, he felt as if he had really 'bitten into his pen.'... The earlier letters at which the writer

glanced sufficiently confirmed this. It was not that they were bad : they were just glib.

At what moment of writing or reading, on the bridge, in what harbour Conrad thus found the religion of English prose the writer does not remember. It was probably in Sidney during a period in a convalescent home. It comes back, that this is what Conrad said, but that may very well be a mistake... Conrad however used to say that in that convalescent home they were fed on tomatoes and milk, a horrible combination : occasionally also he used to say that his early work was like tomatoes and milk taken together. A horrible combination! he would add... Or of course the revelation of his powers may have come to him in Rouen.

Anyhow, somewhere on the dark waters Conrad found religion.

We had left Lowestoft and passed for master... We made the voyage in the *Judea*, *Do or Die*—actually the *Walestine*—that you find narrated in *Youth*. In the East we passed so and so many years. You find the trace of them in the *End of the Tether*, to go no further outside the *Youth*, volume. We commanded the Congo Free State navy for the sake of *Heart of Darkness*. So we have the whole gamut of youth, of fidelity and of imbecility... And if the writer write "we"—that is how it feels. For it was not possible to be taken imperiously through Conrad's life, in those unchronological and burning passages of phraseology, and not to feel—even to believe—that one had had oneself that experience. And the feeling was heightened by Conrad's affecting to believe that one had, at least to the extent of knowing at all times where he had been, what seen, and what performed.

The scenes of Conrad's life as afterwards rendered, say in *Heart of Darkness*, are really as vivid in the writer's mind from what Conrad said as from what Conrad there wrote. It is a curious affair. Actually under the writer's eyes are the bright, lit up keys of a typewriter. Yet perfectly definitely he sees *both* the interior and the outside of a palm-leaf hut, day light shining through the interstices. A man lies on the floor of the hut, reaching towards a pile of condensed milk tins. The man is half in shadow—half Conrad, half the writer : too tall for Conrad ; stretched out a full eight feet, trunk and arms. Outside an immense grey tide, the other shore hardly visible : a few darkish trees of irregular outline. And a man—Coming. In a planter's dress : breeches, leggings, a flannel shirt, a sombrero... Some time before he had lifted up the branches of the forest on the opposite shore and looked across at our hut...

He makes a fire and gives us some soup... He comes once a fortnight...

We had been at the sources of the Congo : nearly to Fashoda, says the ungeographical part of our mind that once pored over a map of Africa to see everywhere *Terra Incognita*—in the eighties—and that has never again looked at a map of Africa. We had belonged to the Humanitarian Party, The Humanitarian Party did not approve of feeding our black troops on black prisoners : the Conservatives did. So the Conservatives had poisoned us or sometimes the equivalent. And had put our quasi corpse in charge of native bearers to take us, dead or alive, down to Boma on the coast. It was all one to the natives whether at Boma they delivered us quick or dead : they were paid the same.

Half down the Congo they had dumped us in a hut that was a cache for condensed milk. They had gone away for a fortnight to their own village... We extracted the condensed milk from the tins by suction, having first pierced them with a pocket knife... The condensed milk was the very antidote for the poison...! The bearers, black, their white teeth protruding come back, not displeased to find us alive. Not pleased... Astonished!... They carried Conrad down to Boma, a sweltering collection of tin huts. The Bomese took great pains to keep you alive : you must die at sea, otherwise the death rate of the Congo Free State rises by one...

At Boma then, listless from the abominable huts, we strolled out one day along the coast, between the satin sea and the steaming trees. A man, with the sunlight on his face, in white tennis shoes with two bulldogs at his heels stepped out of the dark forest. He said Hullo! He had strolled across Africa from the Zanzibar side in his tennis shoes, with no bearers, no escort but his bulldogs, no arms. He had such a fascination for the black fellows. That was Roger Casement... There was a great deal of light, the sky blue, the sea dove-coloured and oily, the forest black-green, a wall ; the beach pink, the bulldogs crashed over it to sniff at our heels...

It was in pictures like that that the writer had Conrad's life, up to about the time when we engaged on the *Inheritors*. Half of it came in a shyish way, for biography, half in pictures, the result of stray anecdotes. Thus if one or other of us happened to be nervous from overwork and we talked of nerves Conrad would say : "By Jove, after I came out of the Ospedale Italiano and went into the City to draw some pay, I was so frightened at the racket on the Underground that I had to lie down on the floor of the compartment. Nerves all to pieces..." So the writer has his picture of Conrad lying between the seats

on the things like duckboards that used to floor the old Underground carriages ; it was only by conjunctions before and after that he pieced together that Conrad went into the Italian Hospital for Seamen in London after coming back from Boma and that from there he went to Switzerland, to the hydrotherapie near Geneva in which Maupassant died.

All to pieces as he then was he had to think of how he was going to employ the rest of his life. For following the sea he imagined that he would be no longer fit. When he was a little better he saw on the bookstall of Geneva Station those yellow volumes. The sight of them and the thought of Maupassant made him say : By Jove : Why not write ? When he had settled that he might write he had to settle in which language his writing should be. There were French and English. In English there were no stylists—or very rare ones. French bristled with them. When he made the decision to write in English the writer does not know. He used to say that it was in Rouen harbour, opposite the hotel in which Emma Bovary used to meet Rodolphe.

Here, looking out of his port-hole across the frozen ground at the inn door, he began translating phrases from the scene between Rodolphe and Emma at the cattle-show. He said that he began with Rodolphe's formal phrases of romantic love that were whispered between the announcements of prizes for bullocks and so, working outwards, reached the blanker pages of cover, title and half title pages. On these he began *Almayer's Folly*. He was reading at the time Daudet's *Jack* which immensely fascinated him though he found it *trop chargé* —as who should say, too harrowing.

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